

NADA



THE SOUTHERN RHODESIA
NATIVE AFFAIRS DEPT: ANNUAL

Salisbury

Edited
by

Rhodesia

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Forward

It is with pleasure that I respond to the Editor's invitation to write the foreword to this, the nineteenth, number of NADA.

In the first place I would like to offer my congratulations to the Editor (Mr. N. H. D. Spicer) on the successful outcome of his determination to ensure publication of the annual notwithstanding the peculiar and manifold difficulties of the times.

Since its inception, NADA has appeared regularly to help to stimulate interest in the customs and ways of the Bantu people, and it would have been a sad disappointment to its many readers had NADA failed to appear in 1942.

An article under a certain *nom de plume*, or over wellremembered initials, glimpsed in turning over the pages of the earlier numbers, brings back memories of contributors who, alas, will write no more, but who, in recording their experiences in NADA, have left to posterity a wealth of information concerning the history and customs of the Native people amongst whom they lived and worked, and we who follow may count ourselves fortunate that this priceless heritage has been saved to us through the medium of NADA.

NADA's contribution towards the promotion of race relations is so generally known and appreciated as to render any words of mine superfluous, but I venture to suggest that the continuance of satisfactory relations in the face of changes of so fundamental a character as those to which the Bantu must "willy nilly" be subjected, now that his feet have been firmly set forth on the ladder of progress, will not be possible without an even better understanding of his history and associations, and it is in this direction that NADA can continue to assist by imparting the requisite knowledge in an easily digestible form.

The conception of the interdependency of the two races is very aptly expressed by H. P. Junod in his recent book "Bantu Heritage":

"As Dr. Aggrey put it, the piano has black as well as white keys. Though Chopin has written a study on the black keys only, the usual expression of musical inspiration needs both black and white keys. This does not imply that the white keys must become black or vice versa. On the contrary, both must harmonise.

"That is why the understanding of the Bantu heritage is so important to us all."

In conclusion, I commend the new issue of NADA to all interested in Native administration and welfare, and in particular to those of the general public who have not previously made its acquaintance.

H.H.D Simmonds, Chief Native commissioner Salisbury, 10th September 1941 Editorial

Editorial

Two, years of war have to some extent accustomed us to the idea that in many directions we must be prepared to proceed on short commons. It seems unnecessary, therefore, to refer again to the size of NADA No. 18 (1942), compared with prewar numbers; the liaison for the economy must be obvious.

A matter which is less patent, however, and to which the attention of readers is directed, is the fact that NADA (1942) is, as one might say, rationed, for owing to the small demand for the 1941 issue, it has been deemed desirable to keep the 1942 edition well within probable demands. Those who are anxious, therefore, to ensure acquiring a copy for themselves or for their friends would be wise to make early purchases, for it is unlikely that there will be any excess from which to supply late or unexpected orders.

Nor is this the only manner in which NADA has been affected. The Royal Empire Society Headquarters in London has suffered in one of the enemy raids. Among the books and records which were destroyed were all the Society's copies of NADA. The Society is most anxious to collect a further set, and so far has succeeded in procuring nine of the eighteen volumes. The following nine numbers are required, however, to complete the collection: Nos. 1 to 4, 7 to 10 (both inclusive), and No. 12. Any readers who may have spare copies of any of these and who are willing to make a gift to the Royal Empire Society would, we are sure, earn the deep gratitude of that body.

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We flatter ourselves that there are in the present small edition one or two articles of outstanding interest and value. It is the more regrettable, therefore, that this year's number will only reach an unusually small number of readers, though it confirms us in the belief that the publication should be kept alive through the war period. It may be argued by some that the perpetuation of any effort or publication but those essential to the successful prosecution of the war should be discontinued until that future of which we dream has been assured. There can be but few who sympathise generally with this view, but while development and progress may be slowed down or halted until the birth of that braver and newer world of which we hear so much, the preservation in records of primitive cultures which have passed or are passing cannot be deferred.

It is this fact which in the main encourages us to believe that the publication of NADA is not one of the activities which should be discontinued even as a war measure temporarily.

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As usual, we extend our thanks to all those who have contributed to the present issue, and to the Government of Southern Rhodesia for its financial support. We would remind all concerned that while NADA has the blessings of the department of Native Affairs, these bodies do not necessarily support the views contained in our pages.

The Native Labourer And His Food

(A Study of the Institution of Eating Under One Phase of Culture Contact.)

H. HOWMAN, B.A.

Listen to conversations by farmers about Natives and their food. is it an exaggeration to say that most farmers seem able to contribute irritating incidents from their experience in feeding Natives? There seems to be a neverending search by the Natives to "put one over" his Boss as regards food; never is an opportunity missed to augment his ration, even in callous indifference to the wellmeaning intentions of that Boss.

Someone, who has promised a beast for Christmas and unexpectedly a beast dies, or even a big buck is shot at the festive time, is annoyed beyond words when his Natives, confronted by meat in quantities, still ask for the promised Christmas beast. Another kills a. beast. His Natives gorge themselves in one grand gesture, and a few days later complain that they have no meat. A farmer, taking to heart nutritional advice, puts an extensive vegetable garden under irrigation. What are his feelings when he finds his vegetables ignored and rotting in the beds? He insists on the women, whom he assumes are too lazy even to fetch the vegetables from the garden, taking delivery. The vegetables then lie about among the huts. A truck load of pumpkins is ordered: most of them go bad. A sheep is killed. Half the labour force refuse to have anything to do with it.

How many ask: "Why should the bachelors always be complaining about food when they get the same ration as the married men?" "Why should I include the wives in my rations? I used to, but they squabbed over it, and when their help was urgently needed on the farm they refused to turn out." "Why should I give them meat? It is the one thing that makes them cheeky." "When I asked my boys how they were the other day, after they had finished their meal in the lands, they said they were dying of hunger. Why do anything for them ?"

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All these isolated little individual experiences, this multitude of minor irritations, annoyances and disillusiones, are contributing to the building up of a general Farmer's Attitude towards the Native, an attitude springing from the stories that circulate, the experiences swapped in idle moments, the warnings and advice given by the "old hands." Little by little such an attitude will influence the form assumed by that Racial Attitude, that storehouse of tradition, that picture we will build up of the other race, which will in time govern the interrelations of the two races. It is not too much to say that a race can be characterised by their tenacious food habits the roast beef of England, the sausages of Germany, the spaghetti of Naples, the fried chicken of the Southern States.

Perhaps enough has been said to show that our appetites, the appetites of all people, are shaped by culture within the wide mould provided by the biological constitution of the human species. There is no "natural food" to which any particular people or race are

constitutionally limited; there is no racial inability to accept and to thrive on the foods of another race.

CULTURAL

But the absence of biological obstacles must not lead us to an easy view of dietetic change. Full recognition must be accorded to the extremely important and intricate powers of culture itself to resist changes in food.

The "food patterns" of the world are not just superficial patterns or arrangements into which people fit when they eat; they are inextricably rooted in the rest of the culture and related functionally with climate and a whole network of other activities and values, skill, knowledge, belief, taboo, the division of labour, age grades, prestige, sex distinctions, ideals and status, plus a specific physiological state. At no time can we take an item of food, say Sadza, and, having condemned it, proceed to supplant it with another dish as if that was all there was to it. For those who take that view are overlooking the whole cultural context which alone gives Sadza its significance to the Native, and in trying to make such a change, they must set up other changes in the whole complex of which Sadza is a part.

In addition to a change of taste and physiological feeling the real resistance to change offered by food habits is to be found in their background. An Englishman on the Continent will, in fact he has to, adapt his eating habits and tastes to new conditions, and he may find, apart from novelty, a definite attraction in the new mode, but on his return home he will find it futile to hold out or protest against the overwhelming coercion of the English background if he was disposed to admit that Continental food was better than English! In the same way the Native when at work will adapt himself, within limits, to the new food habits thrust upon him, but back in his reserve the traditional food getting, preparation and consumption enfold him.

Very rarely is food just something to eat. Culture cloaks it with infinite gradations of meaning, elaborates or adorns it in many ways. Culture prescribes when we should feel hungry, i.e., the proper mealtimes (1); it prescribes what foods are appropriate to which hour (porridge and marmalade do not belong to the dinner table) or to the occasion; the manner of serving them, the sequence in which they follow each other (soup first, sweets last). And the higher up the social structure the more delicate and discriminating is this cultural elaboration which we call manners, etiquette and good taste. These illustrations from our own culture are given to show more vividly the cultural context which surrounds and shapes the raw biological urge of hunger. Probably all societies have evolved some cultural control of this urge, have elaborated it in ritual, ceremonial and etiquette, and amongst the Natives the same phenomenon is present and must be reckoned with. Food habits do not change easily. Consider how our own habits resist, the propaganda power and resources of industry trying to sell new food habits. Medical authorities find an apparently trivial prejudice, like that against milk as being "baby food or effeminate," an enormous obstacle in the way of an improved diet.

If we wish to change food habits in the Native we must be prepared to change related modes of production, distribution, storage, preparation, housewifery and consumption as well as tastes and social values. We are confronted with the problem of reshaping the biological urge of hunger and any change in so fundamental an area as food getting will entail a reconstruction of culture over a very wide area, in fact there is a school of thought which holds that all social change arises from a change in the economic base of society.

The contact of our culture with that of the Native's has itself disturbed and disrupted the traditional pattern and in the very change food habits are involved whether we wish them or not. For instance there has been a widespread shift from millet (rukweza) to mealie meal (2) as a result, among other reasons, of the labour saving effect of buying meal. This change was encouraged, if not necessitated, by the absence of men at work throwing added economic burdens on the women. This is not a violent change, its significance being the release of women from the arduous task of crushing grain. It finds a perfect parallel in the ousting of homemade bread by bakers' bread in our own culture, a change which began in the working class home of England and only spread to the upper classes after overcoming a large measure of hostility, since its significance as a labour saving device in that class was not so powerful as the social status value it acquired from the working class.

Except in a completely isolated group food changes are always going on, though the change may not be apparent except over a long period of years. There is an infiltration of new foods and tastes. But under conditions of close culture contact and the sudden thrust of change in the food habits of the Native, much greater receptivity towards new foods. Whether or not such changes can be directed in desirable nutritional directions it is unwise to say, but certainly a great opportunity is open to the European to do so.

The whole institution of eating, the patterning of appetite and attitudes towards food is laid down in childhood and absorbed as later years pass. It is at this time that the physiological base which can induce sickness, vomiting and organic discomfort if disturbed, is laid down; there is in operation in the family a process of cultural conditioning which underlies all subsequent conscious and formal instruction as to how to eat and what to eat. It is because culture, in its nutritional aspect, is something carried not only in the minds, feelings and actions of a group, but in their physical makeup that food changes must be initiated at an early age. If a Native's satisfaction is dependent on particular physical sensations in his stomach provided by particular foods, if he actually is sick if he eats an egg, as we may be on horseflesh, then those sensations must be modified if he is to accept the foods we suggest to him. Nutrition and health are inseparable. If the cultural tastes of a people are demonstrably harmful, then a school has to become a dietary if food changes are to be made and guided on the right lines.

We have tried to describe the wider frame within which we can now place the concrete situation we have before us in Southern Rhodesia. We are confronted with two main nutritional situations, fundamentally different in the problems they raise. On the one hand we have the Natives in the reserves dominated by traditional arrangements; on the other,

the Natives at work who are more subject to European ideas concerning their welfare. This essay is concerned with the Native in employment and must leave on one side any consideration of the Reserve Native; but it must bring in the background from which the Native labourer comes.

THE TRADITIONAL SETTING

Basically a society must adapt itself to its environment and create a cultural system that will satisfy its living needs or perish. This process of adaptation and the emergence of a measure of control over environment finds expression in culture which might partially be defined as the answer man makes to the interaction between his needs and his surroundings.

Now the fact that the Native has lived in Africa for centuries justifies us in assuming that he had worked out some sort of adjustment; that the food he had learned to acquire and to identify and to grow was at least adequate to maintain life at the pitch or level of efficiency required by the working of the rest of his culture; that he had found answers to the calls made on him by his fellows and by Africa. In the absence of any means of evaluating the diet of old Native society we must assume that it was adapted to Native life. But this does not imply that it was adequate by any dietetic standard we might bring to bear. All that is meant is that it was adequate enough to maintain Native life over hundreds of years in their specific living conditions such as consumption of human energy, hours of work, recreation and rest, seasonal change, etc. Nutritive studies of recent times all over the world have emphasised the real inadequacy of "primitive diet" by our standards and for our cultural and economic demands.

The European came to Rhodesia and promptly began to disturb the old balance between Native life and Native food. The disturbance in the reserves we must ignore now. In employment the Native labourer found himself called upon, with everincreasing stress, to expend an amount of energy, to maintain a rhythm of labour under European supervision out of all proportion to the contribution of energy, vitality and health made by his food.

Medical authority is sufficiently emphatic in its claim that the Native is not dietetically equipped to meet the demands of European labour conditions, to give support to the anthropological theory that food, being a part of culture, is more or less adapted to that culture. If the cultural conditions be drastically altered a rearrangement of food must follow. A specific instance of this is given by the disease of scurvy where it has been said "Normally quite small amounts of this substance (Vitamin C) taken in the diet intermittently will prevent the onset of symptoms unless the individual is subjected to a greater physical strain than is usually experienced." From the placed life of the kraal with its unregulated, personal control of manual labour based on impulse and inclination, to the eight to twelvehour working periods under European supervision is a revolutionary loitary change demanding an equally revolutionary dietetic change.

NATIVE HOUSEWIFERY

Very briefly may we select from out of the complicated system of food production, conservation, preparation and consumption those salient features which bear on the feeding of Native labourers? Karanga custom in the Ndanga district is given.

Food consumption in the kraal is controlled and distributed through the months of the year by a woman wise in housewifery. Grain is stored in a bin called dura, and the aim of all preceding agricultural activity is to fill these bins. We find it accepted amongst Natives that only an old woman, not any woman, can properly control the issue of food from a grain bin, the novice would issue too much, the bin would be emptied too soon and hunger would arise. Of course all wives have their bins; they learn from them, but from the main bin, the husband's bin which is the kraal's reservoir, no one but the chief wife (wahosi) may draw grain. As the minor bins are exhausted in the course of the year so does each wife come to depend on the chief wife and her control of the principal bin. On a woman's judgment and experience depends the food consumption of the kraal and if we remember that she budgets for the whole year while the European housewife is concerned with a weekly or monthly wage, we can appreciate the degree of skill required.

The Native man has as little share in this sphere of knowledge as his European counterpart, yet when he goes to work he is expected to know all about it. That is why the farmer who issues a week's rations on Monday finds his Natives complaining of hunger on Sunday. Until they learn to apportion out their meal this is always likely.

That the whole scheme of food activity is a very precarious and hazardous business in Native life is shown by the prevalence of magic. Some further safeguard to skill and care must be found if widespread and constant anxiety is not only to oppress the kraal but to dull initiative and energy in food activity. Relief is sought in magic and that there is medicine called divisi in all grain bins may be taken for granted unless, as sometimes happens, a Native is so unfortunate as to be unable to acquire it and so runs a grave risk.

This divisi, this life insurance as we may call it, was once a human head. It is obtained from medicine men and, up North, from the Zambesi River monster Nyaminyami. It has two uses. Like a fertiliser it is put in the lands to ensure good crops and quick growth. It is also put in grain bins to ensure that the grain is not finished too soon and also that you get maximum satisfaction out of eating it, i.e., you feel full on a little. A Native who can be induced to speak about it will assure you that a supply of grain which would suffice perhaps for nine months will last the year if mixed with divisi. and also that you need only to eat a little to feel full. It would be an enterprising farmer who could include divisi in his rations!

Clearly a Native expects and is accustomed to a food shortage since it is only through magical protection that he can hope to meet and survive the vicissitudes of the year.

EATING

Sadza is, above all, the Native's food. No meal is complete or satisfying without it. But just as essential is a relish of some kind, called usavi, and in these is to be found the

highest art of the housewife. Many and varied are the recipes for usavi, they disprove emphatically that the diet of the Native is monotonous and dull. In fact the wide fault that Natives find with their food when at work is its monotony. Some tribes, as for instance the Shangaans of Ndanga, are acknowledged by their neighbours for their skill in utilising their environment for the preparation of usavi.

The importance of usavi cannot be overestimated and it is stressed because of the popular view that all a Native requires is sadza. Many people issued meal as their only ration. "If our grain bins were full and we had no usavi we would be hungry," they say, and an observer has only to note the attention and effort given to the collection of material for usavi to appreciate its importance. There is the hurried collection of pig weed while weeding a farmer's lands, which the Boss may forbid as interfering with his work. There is the strenuous labour of cutting down trees to capture a locust swarm before the early sun warms their wings, an organised effort so strong as to denude hillsides of their trees. So essential is usavi that in a bad year Natives will be found gathering roots and herbs which are highly unpalatable, bitter, and, on chemical evidence, full of tannin.

An instructive sidelight on Karanga ideas about feeding is provided by their language terms. A good meal is one in which sadza and usavi just balance. Usually they eat till the usavi is finished. The sadza that remains over is called nzuwa, and to eat this "sadza without relish" is not "to eat" (ku djga), but to ku temura. This nzuwa may be kept over during the day and is then called mushwedzgwa. If kept over to the following day it is called muradzgwa. It is for mushwedzgwa that visitors ask if they arrive at a kraal.

We note that sadza without usavi is hardly recognised as food and that a proper proportion between the two is essential if the Native is to be well fed, and, indeed, if he is to consider he has fed at all. Increased bags to the acre in the reserves, additional meal rations, may in fact be useless from a nutritional point of view if there is a shrinkage in the vegetable, animal and insect matter that goes towards usavi.

Finally it must be noted that a meal is comprised of sadza and usavi only. There are no separate dishes or additional courses such as form part of our nutritional arrangements. Natives actually dislike the idea. "We would vomit if we took a bit of potato, a bit of cabbage, a bit of meat, like you do," and there is a hint of scorn in the idea of nibbling at various little dishes. Native children are always nibbling and scrounging for food, but when they reach the ss about eight they will be lectured and scolded for such behaviour. A grownup does not eat between meals, it is childish. It is this attitude which lies behind the failure of Native labourers to justify a farmer in his efforts to provide large quantities of vegetables for them; they simply do not eat vegetable dishes except as an usavi. The same attitude irritates the Salisbury housewife when she finds some dish from her table, which she so kindly gave to the staff, thrown in the rubbish bin "the ungrateful munt! Why be considerate with him if he is so unappreciative?"

It is in the usavi dishes that the dietician must search for the source of all those food values which sadza does not provide. In general the mice hunts, the game net, the fish trap, the search for herbs and wild fruit, the ant trap and the pumpkin patch, each working

in an intricate context of traditional experience, have but one end the augmentations and variation of the usavi dish.

This will make it clear that bachelors at work are liable to feed themselves inadequately unless usavi is issued to them and why they should be so full of complaints. The appetising quality and variety of their food depends on the art of usavi cooking and without a wife to ensure this their enjoyment of food and their diet suffers. Also usavi takes some time to cook so that a farmer who rushes the midday meal or keeps his gang too late to allow time to gather stuff before dark is liable to cause discontent. At least one farmer has found the value of having sadza and usavi cooked in bulk and issued to his gang in the lands when engaged on any special work necessitating a minimum break at midday. The copper mines up North found that " ... for every married Native admitted to hospital there were two single Natives admitted," and that " . . . cooking the food for single men brought about very good results ... and an improvement in general physique" because "single Natives neglected to cook the food properly."

To those who believe that the Native is a ravenous eater whose feeding is "primitive" and uncontrolled we offer the following outline of the cultural control, through which, as we have already suggested, the urge of hunger is satisfied.

The distribution and apportionment of food is governed by complex rules of etiquette which define the behaviour of different age grades, young and old, seniority, of the sexes, of different relatives, of strangers. Everyone knows his place. How very rare is there any trouble over the sharing of food, even when starvation is abroad and appetites might be expected to overrule manners! Men and women never sit together, or only on special occasions such as in marriage rites. Nor do those between whom there is any illfeeling: "there was trouble between them and they were eating apart." "between them and they were eating apart." The meal is essentially a communion and is ceremonially used as such when reconciliation or new social bonds are to be proclaimed. If a farmer wishes to find out how kinship or friendship divisions run through his labour he cannot do better than note how they group themselves at meal times. When hands have been washed and the food is ready a definite order takes charge. Young men await their elders and a youth would not start until told to do so by his father; if small and for some reason not feeding with the women, he would sit, among some tribes, even squat in the circle round the dish, but sit outside and reach in. A boy may only dip his lump of sadza (musuwa) into the gravy (muto) and not remove any lumps of meat that may be in the usavi. His father must do that for him. Different relatives have all kinds of special privileges over food: a wife must keep certain delicacies, such as a special rat, for her husband and not eat it herself.

The Native's insistence on the sharing of food is a remarkable element in his culture. From the earliest years a child is taught to share his food, that he must never eat alone, and, at the same time, learns to share in the food of others as a matter of course. To share in food is no occasion for gratitude or thanks (3), it is the natural thing to do. So wives automatically share in their husband's rations if they do not get an extra ration for themselves, and wages will not be spent to augment the ration; visitors, strangers, all

share in the labourer's food. It is not hospitality in our sense of the word, it is just the natural and proper thing to do. So a farmer whose temper is tried when wives refuse to turn out to work and who "show no gratitude" for his extra ration need not despair of the Native. Nor should he think his rations are excessive when he finds "hosts of visitors sharing his rations," for his labourers will deny themselves food to allow visitors a share. If his labour is to be well fed, rations must provide for this sharing attitude. One trader remarked: "Parents visiting the store have to buy their children packets of biscuits to keep them quiet, and I often wish that white children were here to see the unselfish way they are handed round." To eat by oneself is very bad manners, and, when necessity demands it, a Native will always turn his back on those present while eating by himself. This sharing habit is intimately associated with their whole mode of life, but it is already being undermined by the cycling mobility of modern times. In the face of it, all such virtues as thrift, good husbandry, preparation for a rainy day, all those mental attitudes which mean a restriction on food sharing, are in direct opposition to their whole system of life; in fact, our virtues would be vices if transplanted without modifying their culture to receive them, it has been wisely asked whether the Natives will continue to be so generous when they can conceal their food supplies as effectively as we do ours? The privacy of the pantry is a very different influence from the publicity of kraal housekeeping.

THE GOOD MEAL

The Native's idea of the "good meal" or a "square meal" is a very important factor, for whatever new economic, educational and dietetic measures might be taken to ensure better food, if the Native does not feel he has had a square meal he will nullify the bestlaid schemes.

The sign of repletion, the end of a good meal, is a full stomach. They will indicate a distended stomach and their talk becomes animated at the thought of it: "If our stomach does not feel us we are still hungry." And the feeling of abdominal strain which is so necessary in their ideas would doubtless be a most uncomfortable and probably painful sensation to us. Unless there is this sensation at the end of a meal, a sensation of which the Native is acutely aware, he will not feel he has eaten sufficiently, and to this end stodgy, heavy, sadza is the finest food. Weight of food is most important, and the writer found when, at different and unexpected times, he weighed the food of Native Messengers who could not be deemed to be manual labourers, that on an average their wives brought them 3 lbs weight of sadza (not dry meal) for the morning meal, and of this they eat 2 lbs. 5 ozs. plus whatever usavi was brought. Casual Natives at the office, who had eaten the previous day, consumed weights of sadza varying from 1 lb. 4 ozs. to 3 lbs. 6 ozs., and this was sadza only. With usavi they would have eaten more. We may prescribe a ration more consonant with our ideas, varied tasteful, dietically valuable, but unless it conveys that heavy lumpy feeling in the stomach which a Native expects of his food he will still feel hungry or consider he is not being properly fed. Consider the caustic comments of the farmer who, knowing his boys have been fed, is told, "We are hungry," or even "We are dying of hunger"; or if a manager who, conscientiously issuing nuts, beans, vegetables and only 10 lbs. of meal a week, finds that his Natives are dissatisfied with their food! Is the absence of stomach strain the explanation?

Our food to the Native arouses the same objections we raise at the thought of substituting concentrated extracts in cubes and pills for our wellrounded meals. They say: "Why the white man keeps so much food and cats so often is because he eats so little we would need all his food at one meal." (4) One might say that absence of stomach strain connotes hunger to the Native and when we consider actual foods we shall see that "foods which keep in the stomach" are favored for long journeys or special hard work.

The source of this stomach which feels must be sought in earliest childhood, followed by years of habituation. (5) The potbellied piccanin is not only a common observation of the European, but the pride of his mother and the visible sign of her maternal care. Within a week his tiny stomach is tested by and accustomed to heavy food.

A further background to this idea of how good a square meal is must be noted, indeed it is a background to their whole attitude to food. In our culture food is a regular routine affair that never varies, so clocklike in its arrangements that it is taken for granted. To the Native, food has no such pleasant guarantee. His experience of it ranges from months of starvation, when every mouthful counts and every seed is swept up, to periods of profusion, to that happy time of Zhezha when "there is so much food you can refuse it" (February to March). The emotional values behind his food are high and varied, rising as they do out of such fluctuating experiences as we never know. Remember for a moment the significant remark occasionally made by those exceptional members of our own society "You do not know what it is to be without food, and with not a penny to get any." The experience of such a person is individual and abnormal; it is not a part of cultural attitudes common to and instilled into all members of society as occurs amongst the Natives, who must even sink magic to help them bear it. The intensity of Native attitudes to food is often reflected in the assault and culpable homicide cases which come before the courts. That a wife did not have food ready for her husband is regarded as a legitimate reason for beating her, and often a husband goes too far especially after beer and lands himself in crime.

Food, therefore, is intimately associated with most of his pleasures and sorrows, of his joys and tribulations. In a manner we are unconscious of in our culture which has rendered food consumption so independent of the anxieties of life.

Perhaps we see now why the feeding of Natives by an employer is such a highly important part of their relationship. Also why, when food is such an anxious object of attention, the Native never misses an opportunity of increasing his food supply, and insists on that Christmas beast even when he already has ample meat on hand. This view, combining with his idea of "the good meal," explains why the Native will always eat all he can in one go; eat a big buck in one evening and never dream of spreading it out over several days, even with famine about him. Food is much too important inside the stomach to trifle with outside.

INFANT FEEDING

We have already pointed out the definition imposed on taste and appetite by culture. This definition is laid down in childhood and during the progressive moulding process that follows. Here are the most striking features of infant feeding among the Natives.

The insistence that a child must be fed from the breast whenever it cries for it, at any time, anywhere while working, while talking, even during a case in the office. The European child from birth is subjected to disciplinary influences; it feeds at regular intervals, receives prescribed amounts and learns to associate the pleasures of food with certain activities going on around it. This is not so with the Native babe. It learns no discipline, no routine, no denial. In the kraal its mother's breast is never withheld. (6) What fine material is presented here for views on the cruelty of European mothers if Natives were prone to generalise, as we are, on human nature.

Here is a most interesting situation. In its earliest years the food supply of the Native child is so unfailing, so certain, that it rarely ever experiences a food shortage, never knows the heightened feeling of tension, of expectancy, and the intensity of satisfaction after denial, that the disciplined European infant experiences. Yet in later life the whole position is reversed. The Native plumbs the depths of scarcity and abundance, while the European knows only a sober and habitual mealtime. In this contrast in early experience, in these two modes of education of so profound an impulse as hunger, there must be most valuable material for the psychiatrist in any study of adult psychology.

Is milk food? The Native is very doubtful. Milk is recognised as being necessary for young children, that "it helps them to live," but that they could live on milk alone is an impossible suggestion.

The mother gives her child the breast more to sooth it than with the idea of feeding it. As one put it, "Small boys drink milk from the cattle but grownups never, unless it is sour, and then it becomes food. Otherwise it is only milk." This notion of the breast as a soothing device to be given at any whimper actually results in the mother adding to an overfull tummy whose pain draws out the infant cry.

(I learn from a nurse with great experience of Native Clinics that this excessive and irregular feeding leads to indigestion, with fermentation, diarrhoea and acute enteritis; that in neglected cases vomiting ensues, the child becomes rapidly dehydrated, and fatal results often follow. Only the strongest constitutions can survive these conditions, yet treatment in the early stages needs only to be a dose of mixed oil (castor and sweet oil), followed later by a dose or two of milk of magnesia.)

Because of this conception of milk, mothers force their weekold babes to eat a thin porridge of meal mixed with water or gruel called bota. A special method of feeding called ku kikia occurs whereby the bota is held in the cup of the left hand under the infant's mouth while the fingers of the right hand push, smear and rub the gruel into the mouth in spite of spluttering protest and apparent danger of choking. It seems to be cruelty to children, but to the mother it is essential, and as the tiny stomach swells and grows so too does her maternal pride. Bota is for her the real source of infant growth and

health, not milk. But what of infantile mortality rates and, for those who survive, what bodily constitution and vitality? (7) Place this view of infant feeding against that of a biologist "The infant is not born with any ripe faculty even for the digestion of food. The child must be taken through every step in digestion with as much care as it is necessary to bestow on the education of the mind. Food is fundamentally poison . . . the child is fed by its mother in order to immunise it against such poisons."

FOOD TASTES AND DIETETIC IDEAS

These vary from tribe to tribe and even by localities. An enormous amount of research would be required to identify and to localise their variety. Even close proximity of tribes with different principal crops, different relishes and modes of cooking has not meant much diffusion from one to the other, but rather attitudes of scorn, contempt and repulsion typical of tribes in Europe. Only those foods are dealt with here that concern employers.

Sadza. Even so universal a dish as sadza is made according to taste in consistency, heaviness and fineness of grain. Badly cooked sadza is called mbodza. Upfu ya ka mwazhika is gritty meal and is very much disliked. Natives will prefer an employer to buy nativeground meal, and even where a farmer has a mill on the farm they will walk great distances to a miller whose mill is famed for its fine milling. A trader whose mill is wider than 24 mesh will attract very few customers, though it is interesting to find that such a mill sometimes does quite well because the Native thinks he is getting more meal, since such a coarse meal does not pack so closely in his basket. At the same time such a miller finds a ready sale for sieves, as his customers will sieve the meal and use the coarse portion for beer. While the average trader's mill is a 24 mesh the Native is increasingly tending to buy from the big milling companies where he can get the fine No. 1 or 30/32 mesh meal and even the refined Pearl meal. He does this, not to ape the European, but because these refined meals are the closest approach to the old original fineness of grain which a pair of stones (guyo and huyo) once ground out in the kraal. This insistence on fineness of grain has most serious consequences, for it means that the staple food of the Native population is being deprived of its dietetic values. (8)

There are two kinds of sadza

(1) The proper sadza which is carefully prepared by first adding a cupful of thin paste called mususu (a handful of meal mixed in cold water) to the pot of boiling water. 'When this mixture bubbles it is said to ku kwata, and it is then, if the men be near, that the woman puts the twirling stick with prongs (musika) into the pot and, turning to the men, asks, "May I stir my pot?" The answer to this little ceremony of politeness is, "Please stir, Mother," and she slowly proceeds to add meal by the handfull, rotating the musika all the time until the sadza is too thick and she has to use a stirring stick (mugate). Meal is added until she judges the sadza is just right; it must not be too thick nor too watery. Care is taken by a woman to serve this to her husband in a becoming way. Nicely rounded, shiny lumps are made with a wooden spoon (ywaku) and piled on top of each other (zwitina) on a plate (ndiro).

(2) The other kind of sadza, usually made by men or when in a hurry, and certainly not a proper dish to be set before a husband by his wife, is known as sadza ro ku buwuwa. The meal is added to boiling water without first adding the thin paste. Only a mugate is used to stir it. This, they say, causes the sadza to be lumpy, the small lumps containing a kernel of uncooked or improperly cooked meal. This sadza is made when hard work or a long journey is about to be started; it can be felt in the stomach for a long time afterwards; a man then does not feel hungry, can go without food, and has plenty of strength.

When coarse meal is prepared in this hurried way it usually results in the meal merely being scalded, and consequently it continues to swell and expand in the stomach. If the Native has filled himself to capacity, this further unforeseen expansion inevitably causes stomach trouble. Hence the "alleged stomach trouble" caused by coarse or husky meal is usually quite genuine.

The writer has found that 1 lb. of dry mealie meal becomes 2 lbs. 5 ozs. of sadza ro ku buwuwa, and varies round 2 lbs. 8 ozs. of proper sadza. Of Natives who had eaten the previous day, he found, at different times, that 1 lb. 4 ozs. and 1 lb. 10 ozs. of sadza ro kit buwuwa were eaten, while of proper sadza one ate 3 lbs., another 3 lbs. 2 ozs., and another 3 lbs. 6 ozs. at a sitting. This is significant, for Natives admit that they are unable to eat as much of sadza ro ku buwuwa as of the proper sadza, and the tests show that more than twice the quantity of the latter as compared with the former can be eaten. This means that labourers who habitually eat sadza ro ku buwuwa are not consuming the same amount of food as those with wives. Men dislike cooking, specially after working all day, so they will skimp the business of preparing proper sadza, and the acquisition of a temporary wife is a useful way out.

These figures, when reduced to weights of dry meal, show that for ro ku buwuwa feeders one pound of dry meal is too much, but when made into proper sadza a pound is not enough. It must also be remembered that these were meals without usavi, and many Natives refused the offer of such a meal because no usavi was provided. All the weights would go up if usavi was available. Of course these figures are very meagre and ignore variations among individuals and the influence of climate, but they do tend to support the experience of farmers who have found that 2 to 2 lbs. of meal a day is a ration of contentment, and the wisdom of messengers' wives at Zaka who provide just over a pound of dry meal for their husbands' principal meal. The legal minimum of 1 lbs. a day is a danger line no matter what weight of supplementary food is supplied, for it is the sadza which must evoke a sense of stomach strain at least until changes in infant feeding have been brought about.

Maize meal sadza is said not to be so satisfying as millet meal. The latter gives more strength. So the shift from millet to maize has meant a deterioration in their food, for those people who hold that view. Many still keep to millet sadza, and when a Shangaan woman said that kaffir corn meal was better than millet her Karanga husband indignantly argued against her.

Eggs. This dietetically valuable food is not eaten amongst most tribes. One informant in Darwin admitted that he was tabooed eggs, but generally the answer is, "Eggs do not like to stay in the stomach; we would vomit." Only persons possessed by a Shave spirit the Shavi ro muzungu will eat eggs; the spirit calls for them and eats them raw. That a spirit should call for eggs is a sign that the eating of eggs is abnormal. Some will say that eggs cause impotency and that women avoid eggs for fear of childlessness.

Vegetables. Natives have a definite prejudice against eating raw vegetables, and even during the rainy season of green vegetables they tend to be held over and dried. So lettuce is ignored.

Cooked vegetables (murivo) are eaten with discrimination. The Northern Rhodesian copper mines found that carrots, turnips and leeks had to be put in a previously prepared stew before their labourers could be made to eat them; the Rand mines had to go further and chop up vegetables very finely in a stew to prevent their removal. Enquiries indicate that pumpkins, spinach, pumpkin leaves, brinjal, marrowkale and turnip tops have been found by farmers to require no persuasion, but that cabbage sometimes requires a little time "to put over." Tomatoes, though they prefer to sell them to Europeans nowadays, are appreciated.

Potatoes, beans and monkey nuts are, of course, well known Native foods, though baffling preferences appear at various times for one or the other of beans and nuts. It may be that the high fat content of nuts meets a varying dietetic need, for though generally preferred to beans, occasions occur when Natives object to nuts because 'there is so much fat in them.' (9) Beans must be free of weevil or borer, for Natives believe that such infected beans cause diseases of the stomach.

Mention might be made here, as an instance of ingenuity in the acquisition of food, of the lower Lundi Shangaans who live in a starvation area. The potato tops of the normal crop are cut and planted out as "cuttings" in the sandy bed of the river. There they remain, throwing down roots to the water below, and by October these have swelled out to form finger like potatoes that provide those extra mouthfuls which are so necessary at that time of the year. The sight of potato tops growing on the white river sand is a surprising one till the secret is revealed.

The Natives have an expression, "Murivo u no gura mavi," meaning "the vegetable cuts the knees." A man will use this after having eaten a lot of vegetable usavi because nothing else was available. It is a laziness from the knees; he just wants to do nothing lie has no energy. The vegetable is not an energy producing food, in their opinion. They could never agree with "PopEye"!

There is a very large number of different vegetable growths, and fruits and nuts, which are collected from the veld. (10) Some varieties are very attractive dishes, but the collection of others is a sure sign of a bad year, of a time when the Native is hard pressed to find anything for the usavi dish.

It is not as a food, not because of any recognition of the food value of vegetable matter, that the Natives collect and eat it; but simply as an ingredient of usavi. So too many vegetables upset the balance between sadza and usavi; the usavi dish is too small to take too large a quantity of vegetables. If there are plenty of rats on the farm or similar meat delicacies obtainable, it will be the vegetable ration that is ignored. All these elements, and probably many more, contribute to those vexatious experiences which farmers know so well, particularly the progressive ones who try to balance the diet with green stuff.

The writer does not feel that he has got to the bottom of the food tastes outlined above. Generally, a Native will account for an aversion by saying it makes him vomit, in much the same way as a European would say he feels ill at the idea of eating locusts or snake, but there are deeper taboos and beliefs which are difficult to reach and are often found only by accident. Much too easily does the Native offer an explanation that is only camouflage. Mr. Blake Thompson tells me that "green vegetables are often looked on as women's food and likely to make a man sterile, also onions and leeks."

A dish that might be mentioned here is called umtakura, and is recognised as the most strengthening and lasting food the Natives have. It is a mixture of beans and whole mealies boiled together. Any very hard work, any anticipated delay till the next time food is obtainable, a long journey, are all occasions best prepared for on umtakura.

MeetThe native will do anything for meat, and draws on unheardof springs of energy when meat is the inducement.

As a general rule, it might be said that meat, under old cultural usages, was only available on ceremonial or ritual occasionsa sacrifice to the spirits, the sacrifice of a beast at burial or inheritance ceremonies, theceremonial feasts at marriage, the fine of a beast paid to a chief, the ceremonious reconciliationof opponents In a case, the honour accorded to a visitor. There were innumerable occasions whose significance depended on a feast of some kind; Native society was shot through and through with ceremony in which the consumption of meat was the keynote.

To what extent this ceremonial atmosphere around meat guaranteed a regular or spasmodic supply of food it is difficult to say; still more difficult would it be to say what average quantity of meat was provided per individual. Because of the custom of making a killing a feast, the largest number of kinsfolk would share in it so that at no time would a large quantity per person be available; but again there were certain feasts restricted to very special relations. This question is also complicated by the rules of apportionmentthere being well recognised parts of a beast which are reserved for special people, the chief's portion, the spirits' portion, the deceased's sister's portion, and so on for various relatives according to social status.

To this exploitation of domestic resources must be added the more uncertain meat supply of the veld. That this was a most important activity is certain. Tribal hunts took place on a grand scale. There were and are hunting spirits, magical guarantees of success, the

forecasts of the "bones," many traps, and a large body of traditional lore and skill in the acquisition of game, birds, rats and fish.

Generally we can say that meat was a sufficient rarity to make any occasion a most significant one, and to this must be added ceremonial and ritual values. The feelings and emotions behind meat are deep ones. Its consumption marked an occasion of special joy or special gravity, so it attains to and provokes a cluster of emotions far beyond its significance as an item of food.

Anyone who has stayed to watch the scene round a big kill, particularly an elephant, will never forget the complete enthusiasm and frenzy, when knife and axe cuts on legs and hands pass unnoticed, and the Native literally throws himself into the meat. Here is the highest pitch of excitement, the unexpected gift of enormous quantities of meat; but all the way down the scale to a ration of one pound per week these culturally formed attitudes towards meat are present and are ready to find expression in terms of the quantity and the significance of the occasion. Such "kills" remain redletter days in the history of the tribe, never ceasing to provoke animated memories. Such is the meaning of meat.

Perhaps we can see now why the farmer who makes an occasion of his meat issues the Christmas beast, the "end of the season kill," the quarterly slaughter finds an enthusiasm that a diminutive regular ration can never arouse, no matter how much more commendable the latter be on nutritional grounds. And it is because of the same reason that so many farmers have found that "meat is bad for them," that "It makes them impudent," "gets them out of hand," "causes hark chat," and "the only time I have trouble with my labour is when I give them meat." All the milder forms of stimulation and social excitement induced by meat.

Within this general attitude to meat farmers may come across many specific taboos characteristic of various tribes. There is the wellknown one of the Mohammedan Native and such people as the WaRemba which forbids them to touch meat they have not themselves killed by cutting the throat; there are people, mainly differentiated by totems, who may not eat sheep, goats, pigs, different species of buck, various portions such as the heart, the marrow, the brains, and the legs of the animals. Not only do traditional taboos operate, but new ones sweep into power such as the prohibition against pigs among the Zionists and the "Apostles" who will refer you to the Bible and the evil spirits which entered into swine. There are numerous such "superstitions" which are liable to upset the farmer's meat ration, but not of very great importance as a general rule. Of course, in the Reserves the "Cattle Complex," which is a real psychological complex buttressed by religious, social, ceremonial and social status motives, is an enormous barrier between the Native and an ample source of meat. It is a fine example of how culture can restrict a people's food supply; the urge of hunger, even in a famine area, is not strong enough to overrule the cultural attitudes towards cattle and the place they hold in Native hearts and minds and daily life.

Miscellaneous Locusts, flying ants, ants and caterpillars are regarded as great delicacies, worthy of hard work and great patience. No farmer should hinder his Natives in collecting these; their food value is higher, caterpillars particularly having a higher protein content than meat.

A Native is always on the alert for honey; he has his hives and his magical medicines to protect them. In stores he will buy sugar and eat it as we do sweets, and those farmers who have tried issuing sugar or molasses as part of their rations have found it most appreciated. (11)

A shortage of salt expresses itself in a deep craving and varies considerably in different parts of the country. In the Zambesi Valley salt will carry a traveller anywhere and assist him from any difficulty. Not a grain will be ignored if it falls on the ground, and a handful" of it will be eaten ravenously. Salt pans are a source of tribute and of prestige to the controlling tribe. Certain plants are burned and the ashes provide a salt. Most farmers have found it pays to be liberal with the salt ration, but to guard against a surplus being put to trading purposes. (12)

Fruits such as oranges are such a completely new taste that it is difficult to generalise, but such incidents as that of the farmer who found that orange extract had to be administered compulsorily by the spoonful and later had to guard the bottle to prevent it being drunk straight off, and another who suddenly found his orchard, which had stood unmolested for years, requiring protection since he started to educate his labour up to vitamin C, are indicative of how quickly this taste can be acquired. A Native suffering from bad gums and teeth was startled by the simple prescription of "eat an orange a day for a week," and later astonished by the sudden cure. News such as this spreads widely. (13)

Mr. Blake Thompson also tells me that orange and lemon juices are believed to have aphrodisiacal properties.

CONCLUSION

The most important foods that the Native not only lacks but culturally avoids are milk, eggs and green vegetables. Medical opinion is emphatic that meat and fruit are inadequate, not only in the Reserves but particularly outside, where hard manual labour makes meat essential for health and energy. His basic food is being deprived of its nutritive content as the purchase of refined meal spreads. Fundamentally, the most serious problem centres in infant feeding, and medical comment here suggests not only the heavy loss of life but the repercussions of weakness, disease and loss of bodily and mental vigour to which Native ideas give rise. Interference with a mother's dearest sentiments is a perilous proceeding, and even if possible would be far too slow. Schooltime offers the most strategic period for any dietetic moves.

We see, then, that if "man is first of all a nutritive process," as one authority put it, that the Native's selection of the chemical substances that are available or should be made available is dietetically unsound and inevitable an eroding influence on his physical and

mental makeup. His traditional or "natural" food is not the fine thing so many hold it to be, and in the new environment in which we expect him to work it is so out of place as to cause serious malnutrition and disease.

It may be that it is this failure to find a balance between a new mode of life and the chemical activity of the body that accounts for the depopulation of so many simple peoples when Western civilisation enfolds them, and which investigators have been content to attribute to some mystical notion of "a mixture of blood" or a dramatic "clash of cultures" or the "loss of the will to live." Certainly it would be unwise to transplant these theories to Africa.

The failure of so many employers to provide adequate rations is not the only point at issue. Discontented labour and the ability to move elsewhere should normally remedy this position. The crucial issue, for which the employer cannot be blamed, is the Native's own appetite, tastes and attitudes. It is the line of least resistance, and practical policy, for an employer to adapt his rations to his Natives' eating habits; but that is no answer to the dietetic problem aroused by the intermingling of two such dissimilar cultures. When the progressive employers set out to do what the doctor ordered they find themselves up against this traditional culture and lapse into disillusionment. For the future health of the Native population they have got to put up a constant pressure against existing food habits, though they cannot do so alone. The most telling blow is struck by the medical authorities in the Reserves when they demonstrate against and forbid bota among the babes, though it is true that the mothers generally sidestep the rule as soon as they leave the clinic. Agricultural development work in the Reserves, when not distorted by the money urge, plays its part and much could be done in the boarding schools for Natives. Little by little food changes can and will take place. Enthusiastic farmers must visualise changes in terms of a host of other changes, and must appreciate that, like changes in the models of cars too the styles in dress, change is cumulative, slow and must never be too abruptly different to the previous style.

Because this paper has focussed on the situation as it concerns the employer in the rural areas it has necessarily ignored those other nutritional situations which arise in towns, in the Reserves and in those cases where a Native, receiving no ration, feeds himself according to his ideas on money and how it should be spent ideas which are not the same as ours. All these situations mutually influence and react on each other, and the efforts of the farmer are by no means the only influences that are changing Native diet for good or ill. Certainly no group shows a livelier interest in Native food than certain farmers, and this paper is mainly designed to try and help them, as well as recording an aspect of Native life.

It is hoped that this "cultural point of view" will throw some light on their difficulties and problems. It is only one of many possible views, of various interpretations of the idiosyncracies and, at times, annoying behaviour of Natives over their food; but it serves to show just how two cultural systems do conflict, why the farmer's good intentions are callously rejected or twisted to other ends, and that it is not something warped and primitive in Native Nature, not just downright perversity, then the purpose of

this paper will have been achieved. It is realised that farmers employ more alien than indigenous Natives so that the details of custom given are not necessarily applicable, but it is thought that the general principles apply throughout.

Finally, while it is not for the cultural point of view to prescribe what foods should be aimed at, it can certainly point out that Europeans set out to change the Native with many different ideas and supported by an even greater number of good reasons for doing so. That cultural egoism, which sees in one's own way and view of life the only admissible, true, moral and valid standard by which other cultures must be judged and, having been condemned, reformed, can at least be claimed to be absent when Native food is the issue. Here the unbiassed voice of scientific fact, in the form of medical and dietetic authority, urges change and makes the position of the reformer in food perhaps the most unassailable of all those who interfere with Native life.

The writer is indebted to the medical officers named for the dietetic comments which appear in this paper, and since Dr. Baker Jones was good enough to expand on the subject, his full comments appear as a separate article. If this paper be viewed as a description of what does happen when the Native eats, there naturally follows the problem of what ought to happen, and with this Dr. Baker Jones' article is concerned.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Note (1): Certain farmers were persuaded to give their Natives a breakfast to ensure better labour. Medical opinion supported them. The result was disastrous. No Native wants to eat at such an hour, nor so often as three times a day. The main meal of the Native's day is about 11 am, to midday (ku susura), and another, not so important, at dusk (ku rayira).

Note (2): So much so that many people believe the mealie to be the old traditional crop of the Native in S. Rhodesia.

Note (3): Remember that Natives originally had no real word for "Thanks." They express that feeling by clapping the hands, a gesture they would not make to the white man who does not know.

Note (4)Dr. H. M. Strover: "The linings of the gastric organ are the same as those of the European, and his capacity to digest the foods is probably the same, therefore his overtaxed digestive juices are quite incapable of coping with the enormous amount of food he can get under his skin, with the result that he gets far less value out of one enormous meal than he would out of three meals comprising the same volume and taken at fourhourly intervals."

Note (5)In towns, where there is a tendency, which has developed considerably in the Union, for bakers' bread to supplant sadza, and at Mission stations, there are no doubt occasional Natives who have escaped this process of habituation. They cannot therefore eat sadza in the traditional way, they have not got the traditional stomach. This suggestion is offered to account for those cases which crop up from time to time when a

Native refuses to eat Native food and which provoke strong comment on being "too big for his boots," "overeducated," "too dignified to eat like the rest." There is no place for such Natives in the existing scheme of things; they are cultural hybrids, and it is to be expected that they will increase in numbers. Dr. H. M. Strover: "All Natives have undoubtedly an enormous gastric capacity produced by the habitual stretching of that organ."

Note (6).As Native women take to European clothes, and the cultural feelings as to modesty which accompany them, the feeding of babes has to conform to a new and strong cultural influence, a source of change far more potent than a generation of lecturing and welfare demonstrations as to how to feed children.

Note (7).Dr. H. M. Strover: "Apart from the fact that the newborn Native infant cannot digest bota, the capacity of its stomach is too limited to hold the amount of meal forced into it, with the result that all Native children suffer from mechanical dilation of that organ. A fluid like milk can easily pass through the stomach and enter the upper bowel, so that a dilated stomach on a pure milk diet seldom, if ever, occurs. It is easy enough to guess at the infant mortality rate ask any Native woman how many children she has reared, and you will find that a proportion of roughly 2 in 5 live. A large number of these deaths are caused by enteritis direct whereas a great number are caused by diseases such as pneumonia, which would either not have occurred at all, or would have been far less severe if the child had had a good start and the advantage of proper feeding. Scurvy and rickets, of course, appear when the child is a little older and has been taken off the breast and thus lost its vitamin diet. In actual fact, it is probable that a Native child hardly gets any food value from the bota feeds in early infancy as it is quite incapable of digesting them and it thus lives entirely on the breast milk. Cases are seen when the child dies from marasmus (wasting) because mother's milk rails too early and its only diet is bota. Breast milk is, of course, Nature's complete and balanced diet, whereas bota merely acts as a dilator of the infant stomach and a gastrointestinal irritant."

Note (8).Dr. Baker Jones: "From the energyproducing point of view there is nothing to choose between the various grades of maize meal. Straightrun, 30 mesh meal is richer in protein, fat, minerals and vitamins than roller meal or ordinary 30 mesh."

Note (9).Dr. Baker Jones: "Ground nuts contain much fat but not much minerals; therefore not more than about 2 ozs. a day are indicated."

Note (10).Dr. Baker Jones: "It is a pity that we have not sufficient knowledge of the preparation of usavi dishes to provide the Native labourer with the extra proteins, minerals and vitamins in a form which he would appreciate, rather than as meat, ground nuts, beans and vegetables as we do. Research along these lines is indicated urgently." The writer would welcome any information from farmers who have come across such dishes in their compounds which had been collected from the bush.

Note (11).Dr. Baker Jones: "Molasses, a useful source of energy, highly appreciated by the Native, but should be given in limited quantities up to 2 ozs. a day"; also

Note (12). "Salt must be added to any diet, more being necessary in hot weather than in cold"; and

Note (13). "When fresh vegetables are unobtainable it is essential to provide some antiscorbutic substitute, and to personally supervise its consumption. Mazoe Orange Concentrate is good, and it is cheaper to provide this than lose labour on account of scurvy."

The African Child is the Father to the African Man

J. T. MUNDAY

It is probable that national traits of character depend more on the social environment and on the traditional culture of a people than on differences of natural endowment. An instance of innate and unchangeable natural differences, mental or moral, in various races, may well show an ignorance of the differences between their environments in the formative years of childhood and adolescence. The environment to be described is that of a tribe of Central Bantu living in Northern Rhodesia, the Lala; they live to the east of Broken Hill, between that town and the precipitous drop of the Muchinga escarpment 150 miles away. The Lala are closely related to the Lamba (the local tribe of the Copper Belt) and to the Aushi, who live round Fort Rosebery. The social organisation of these three tribes and of a number of others near them is very nearly uniform.

The Lala are organised into some forty matrilineal exogamous clans, that is there are some forty family names which the children inherit from their mothers, and a man and woman who have the same family name may not marry. As an example: a Bushpig man who has married an Anthill woman may have a son and a daughter by her, both of these will belong to the Anthill clan; these children may marry into any clan (including the Bushpigs) except the Anthill clan. A member of any of these clans regards all the other members of the clan as close relations, and for two members of one clan to marry would be incest. When a Native employee of the Lala or an allied clan tells his employer that he wants to go home because his "brother" has died, he means that a member of his clan (either male or female) has died, and he is using the only English word he knows to describe the close relationship between clan members. In his own language he has many and detailed ways of describing the relationships within his clan; roughly, a young man will call all young women who are of his clanname by the same name as he uses for his own blood sisters; all young men he will call "brother," all older women "mother," all older men "maternal uncle," and all youngsters "my nephews and nieces." A woman will, of course, call all children of her clan name "my children."

So close is the relationship felt to be between fellow clan members that a stranger coming, even from another tribe, and a distant one at that, if he has the same clan name, will be treated as a close relation; conversely, a member of another clan, though he be, to our minds, a fairly close blood relation, will be treated almost as though he were a foreigner. It is because of this feeling of a close tie between members of a clan, that the Central Bantu tend to live in small villages the majority of whose members are of the

same clan. The relationships and mutual social rights and obligations between members of a clan are so clearly defined and understood that, in such a village, there is likely to be less social friction than there would be in a village where the inhabitants are drawn from a large number of clans.

These small villages are static neither in position nor in membership. The site of a village will be changed every four years or so, sometimes it will be moved a dozen miles; this is due to the staple crop being finger millet, and to the poor soil. To grow this crop, each year a considerable area of forest has to be lopped waist high, the branches and leaves are heaped into large bonfires, a dozen feet across, and then burnt; in the great circular patches of ashes left the millet is sown, sown one year only, and then the plantation is deserted. For a primitive people living on poor soil, with plenty of land available, this system probably does less permanent harm to the land than any other system known, because although very large areas of forest have to be cut yearly (up to 20 acres of trees to produce ash patches of an aggregate of one acre), the trees will have entirely regenerated within 20 years. Not only this, but there is no danger of erosion or "wash" such as there is when a careless man cultivates maize or kafir corn, be he black or white, nor will there be areas where the forest has been killed by stumping. However, the trees near a village site soon become all used and the villagers have to move and build elsewhere.

From earliest childhood, then, the Central Bantu are accustomed to a life of frequent change. "We live here this year," they say, "but we will move our village somewhere else in two years' time." This custom of movement has quite definite influences on the development of character, it produces a trait of carelessness in dealing with the buildings in the village, and also with the "natural amenities" of the neighbourhood. A small child who has to be taken out of the house during the night to be cleaned, will see his mother pull a handful of thatch out of the hut roof for a torch; he will see his father cut down a tree simply in order to pick the fruit easily (be it fruit from our point of view, or caterpillars). Neither the hut nor the tree will be needed next year, the village will have moved. Again the idea of private property in land is entirely unknown. Roughly certain areas belong to certain tribes, or to certain chieftainships within a tribe, but there is no personal, or even clan, possession of uncultivated land. When the trees of a deserted finger millet plantation have regenerated, any one may use that area again for cutting. One cannot expect children, who have been brought up where such are the immemorial customs, to grow up into men who easily learn to respect European property rights, nor yet into men who treat a European's house or fences or trees with respect and care, for at home such things last for a few years at most, and then are required no more.

Carelessness is a very noticeable trait in the Central Bantu; even his tools are not treated with care. In his village one may see an axe thrown down and left, the children throwing a basket about, or a stool just tossed into the grass. In the village almost everything, barkcloth, ironwork, baskets, wooden mortars and stools have been made by the user or his close relative, of local materials, and with no very arduous labour; if they are lost or destroyed, another can be made easily and quickly. Besides, if things are left lying about, there is no one to steal them, everyone in the village belongs to the same little group of

relatives, and each lives in a hut whose doorway is open to all, and where the concealment of stolen goods is difficult.

In this way, then, a village frequently changes its site, its composition changes with varying frequency too. Every Central Bantu man shares the human desire "to get on." In his society many avenues are closed to advancement such as European society offers to the White man; the Central Bantu cannot aim at holding office such posts are hereditary, nor, as will be seen later, is it easy for an individual to acquire wealth; there are no classes as such, through which a man may rise in the social scale, nor are there skilled trades in which he may win fame (any reasonably capable person can produce all the commodities which tradition allows those of his or her sex to produce). The only avenue open to an ambitious man is to "build a village," that is to become a village headman.

It is the rule of the Administration in Northern Rhodesia that no new village may be registered unless at least nine taxpaying men agree to join with the wouldbe headman. It was intended, doubtless, as a minimum, it has tended to become the norm, and it is rarely that a village is found amongst the Lala with more than 20 such men. A normal middleaged man will begin to do everything in his power to stand well with such members of his clan who may be living in neighbouring villages with a view to persuading them at some future time to live in his village, if he should be able to build one up. After careful preparation, lasting perhaps for years, he will be able to go to the District Commisnoneir with his chitupa and those of nine other men, and say: "Look at these, I want to build a village." To the new village will come some of his "sisters" who are widowed or divorced, also such of his "sisters" as "wear the trousers" will bring their husbands; all three classes will bring their children, and all, of course, are of the same clan as the headman. There will come, too, some of his "brothers," of the same clan as he, with their wives and younger children, though these last, as they grow up, will be sent to live with their maternal grandmothers elsewhere. It is likely that the new headman may be able to persuade one or two of his men friends of other clans to bring their wives and younger children. Then, too, there will come a number of boys and girls, of the headman's clan, who have been sent to live with their maternal grandmothers amongst his "sisters" and in his care. Last of all, as the years go by, a number of young men will come to marry the girls; these young men will live in the village for a number of years, perhaps for life if they are comfortable, for marriage amongst the Central Bantu is matrilocal, at least for the first years of married life. It is this custom of husbands living with their wives in their motherinlaws' villages which is the most marked difference between the agricultural Central Bantu who inhabit much of Northern Rhodesia and the cattle owning Southern Bantu who live in much of Southern Rhodesia, and who demand that the wife shall live in the husband's village.

In the Central Bantu village, of course, there can be no tradition of permanent habitation, there is no one who can say "My parents lived here, and my grandparents lived here, how could I live any where else?" The feeling is the exact opposite "I came here to oblige so and so; if I do not find it comfortable here I will go, somewhere else, there are plenty of villages which would be more than glad to have me; I might even build a village for myself". Under such conditions the village headman has to be continually on his guard

against giving offence to his people; a word of reproof, however well deserved, will often be quite enough to send a valued villager elsewhere. Even if it is the headman's own young nephew who is the culprit, he will be taken quietly aside and reasoned with in private. Since the offender is well aware that no efficient action can be taken against him, short of driving him away, and since he knows that the headman dreads his loss above all else, even the most tactful remonstrance will probably be met with passive resistance those tactics which are so often used against the European employer, "the dumb insolence of the kaffir." If the headman were to lose his temper it would certainly mean the loss of one man, perhaps the beginning of the village breaking up; for the proverb says "the village with a burning hut will burn to the very edge," the anger of the headman will destroy the whole settlement, however much he has been goaded to wrath. The average Lala recognizes the authority only of two persons, his headman and his chief. The chief is in much the same position as the headman; if he "throws his weight about" he will find his following becoming less and less, for within the tribe there is traditionally little check on the movements of men from one chieftainship to another. Today, now there are no tribal wars, there is very little to hinder a man from moving even to another tribal area, and indeed every year a very large number do so; a man may also, if he is discontented, leave his tribe and go to live "at the Europeans'."

In the smaller group, that of the family of close blood relationship, there is also little effective discipline. The license allowed to children as to their place of residence is almost incomprehensible to Europeans. If an irate parent rebukes a young child, he will often simply leave his home and find a ready welcome with his grandmother or maternal uncle; or he will leave his mother or grandmother "who hates me," and go to live with "my other mother who loves me," in other words, with an easygoing sister of his mother.

Such a lack of effective authority in his environment is bound to influence the character of the growing African child. One does find, as one would expect, a hesitancy on the part of those who should be guided. It is very difficult for the Lala man to learn to occupy a position of authority in European employment; he finds firmness, let alone severity, most difficult to practice, because it is the opposite to all that he has been trained to believe should be the characteristics of a "good man." To the Central Bantu the "good man" is not a man whose morals are above reproach, but one who, when in authority, has a limitless forbearance. The employee, too, in subordinate jobs, will take a reproof from his employer only with the greatest difficulty, and that because of his very great prestige as a European; he will put up with a great deal (from his point of view) since he wants to earn some of the European's wealth, but even so, a "raw boy" who is reproofed will quite likely ask for his pay, and think he can leave his employment, as he would leave a village under similar circumstances. For him to learn to take a reproof from a fellow African in a position of authority is very hard indeed.

An upbringing which prepares one to believe that one will be able to do much as one pleases for the rest of one's life prepares one ill for long continuous employment under one master, and indeed the Central Bantu are notorious for their desire for frequent change of employer, they are "touchy" and the smallest slight makes them want to live under a different authority. Their upbringing, however does not lead to unmitigated evil;

from a very early age both boys and girls are self-reliant and have well developed personalities, there is very little "girlishness" or "boyishness" to distress us in the African, and never does one find a grown man "who is a boy at heart," that trying produce of civilisation "the middle-aged young man."

Within the village group, the family group of blood relations appears in countless traditional stories. It is made up of an elderly woman and her brother, her husband and their daughters and sons-in-law, together with the grandchildren. Such a picture is, of course, a simplification of the average family, but it can roughly be taken as a picture of countless families who live on the Plateau of Northern Rhodesia. The woman's brother is, of course, the village headman. This family forms an economic group, the father and sons-in-law work together as a group; the mother and her daughters too work together as a group. Working in these close family groups the food was grown, the bark cloth made, the meals prepared; houses were built, iron was smelted and worked, and all the hundred and one small tasks of daily life were performed. Granted a great forbearance in the elders, little tact or skill in getting on with one's fellow men was needed in such a group of closely related persons, where each knew perfectly well his or her place. No individual could become very rich because not only was the produce of such a family group shared amongst its members, but also with any other group of the same clan which might be in want. The great mutual responsibility between members of a clan is called in Lala *ukufutansyanya* (to pay one another's fines), it is the responsibility of every member of a clan for the liabilities of every other member. In actual fact such responsibility is not usually recognised beyond three or four degrees of relationship; within those limits it is almost limitless.

It is hard to assess the results of such a system on character. It certainly leads to habits of open-handed generosity within the group, a sick or incapable clan member can find sure support; there are no "widows and orphans" in such a social organisation. It should, however, be remembered that the system, good as it is, only works within the clan, and indeed only within an extended family group; a sufferer can expect no help or mercy from those outside his clan. On the debit side must be placed the fact that the go-ahead man has no incentive to work hard or intelligently in order to amass possessions, for he is expected to share them out within his family circle.

The fact that the Lala man or woman is brought up in a very limited circle indeed, added to the fact that every detail of his behaviour within that circle is ordered by custom, makes it difficult for him to know how to behave within a larger circle composed of strangers and members of clans other than his own. One has only to watch the self-conscious attitude of a young traveller who has reached a village of strangers to realise that his upbringing has ill prepared him for movement in the world outside his own family. It is probably due to this as much as to any other cause that the young African, who is so modest in his behaviour at home, is so often bumptious and unpleasant in European townships; the rules of behaviour that he learns in childhood are no help to him in his new environment. It is certainly true that if his behaviour shows awkwardness when he is amongst men of strange clans, his behaviour in the face of Europeans who are right outside the clan system leaves much more to be desired.

The fact that a young man who wishes to marry has to live, for at least a number of years, in his wife's village, whilst it has a very strong influence for good on the position of women, hardly comes within the subject of this article.

So far we have been considering the effect of his social environment on the character of the Central Bantu, very briefly his education must be also considered, The African child has a very thorough education, although it does not take place within the four walls of a school. His social education has been touched on, he learns to behave in his limited social circle by example and by precept; he has also a very thorough education in the endless lore of agriculture, of bird, of beast, and of medicine. His education in this last is for the most part prescientific; it is true that he is taught medicines and simples which are true evacuants, emetics, abortifacients, and so on, all these are known and used. The bulk, however, of his medicines are prescientific; hare's dung is used as a medicine for diarrhoea because of its firm consistency, a prickly seed is worn on a string round the neck for dizziness because "that is what one's head feels like"; there are medicines for obtaining the favour of one's superiors, medicines hung in granaries which are thought to kill a thief even though he may not touch them, there are medicines for preventing the year's food supply from running short in the granary; there are medicines for this and medicines for that, there is even a medicine for preventing the trouble that might be expected at the birth of a child who "has two fathers."

The belief in the efficacy of "medicine" is inculcated from earliest infancy and becomes almost eradicable; such a belief can do more than any other single agent to prevent the development of habits of industry and perseverance. Two mothers of families, after harvest, each have a granary "full" of grain, they have no means of measuring the capacity of the bin, nor do they keep a check on the number of baskets of grain which they have poured into their bins, nor do they know the area of the patches which they have cultivated. Daily "some" food is taken out of the bin, but it is an unmeasured quantity; the housewife under the Central Bantu method of housekeeping, when she is preparing the day's food, does not even know how many will eat of it, much less does she consider the quantity of food that a given number would require. The quantity of food prepared depends on how much food is available at the moment, on the health of the housewife and her feeling of energy, on the amount of trouble it will to prepare the particular food available, and on the weather (a hot day will reduce the quantity prepared), and above all on whether the women have other work, such as harvesting, to do. Under such conditions it is inevitable that the granary of one family should be finished before that of the other, either because less was put into it at harvest, or because more has been taken out of it. The owner does not look at her shortage of food in this light, she accounts for her food running short before that of her neighbour by saying "medicine has been used." In her mind there are two possibilities, either her neighbour had a better medicine than her own for preventing the food dwindling in the bin, or someone unknown has a grudge against her and is using medicine to destroy her food. It will never occur to her that the hunger of her family is due to her own laziness, carelessness or extravagance.

If the children of a nation are brought up to trust in "medicine," rather than industry and carefulness, for prosperity, the grownups of that nation are likely to be renowned neither for perseverance nor for hard work. Those who are opposed to the education of the

African might well bear this fact in mind; it is not only that the school pupil who is sitting for an examination will trust more to the medicine he has bought for winning the favour of the examiner than to his own hard work and intelligence, but also that the employee will trust to the same medicine rather than to his industry for winning the favour of his employer; he will even trust to a medicine which is used to prevent thieves from being found out, rather than to his own honesty.

It is true that the African labourer is unable to do a good day's work if he is underfed, and with this in view the Medical Department of Northern Rhodesia has been urging employers to supply their employees with a good balanced ration. It is, however, equally true that a nation cannot be renowned for its physical or mental development if the children are born of undernourished mothers, and in their youth and adolescence are given food deficient both in quality and quantity. That the children of the Central Bantu, at least in the Bemba tribe, are indeed seriously undernourished has been demonstrated by Dr. Richards in her "Land, Labour and Diet in Northern Rhodesia." The need of the moment seems to be that the Administration of Northern Rhodesia should turn its attention rather from "administering" to the possibilities of improving the diet of the

Central Bantu in their villages, where the labourers of the future are being born and bred; or even to the question as to whether there is sufficient land for the growth of such a diet.

Sidelights on Native Administration

By Hombarume

Most Native cases are long and tedious because of the necessary prelude of the family history which often reveals interesting facts that are usually at the root of the complaint and give an idea of the Native's channel of thought.

The following are some of the problems presented to Solomon for solution:

Claim: Return for full lobolo.

Plea: Admit responsibility for the return of only a little of the lobolo paid.

The Court instructs Plaintiff to state his case.

Plaintiff replies: "My father will do that, he paid all the lobolo for me and knows all about it; I merely seduced the girl and she unfortunately became pregnant. Father fixed the lobolo side of the marriage. I can only say that Defendant's daughter had two children

by me before she died. Both the children are still living. My wife died suddenly and it was found that Defendant's spirits were responsible for her untimely death. Defendant was advised immediately of his daughter's illness, but he delayed in coming and she died a day before he arrived. He said that I had killed her; but it was satisfactorily proved that I was innocent."

Plaintiff's father: "I claim return of full lobolo 10 head of cattle, £8 cash, 3 goats. Yes, I admit that the goats were masungiro, etc., I deny that three head of cattle were seduction damages. Yes, I first paid £2 and three head of cattle, this was rubvunzo. Yes, I admit that your daughter was pregnant before I sent badza. You agreed to waive seduction damages if the girl was married and full lobolo paid. No, the dare was not summoned to deal with the question of damages, it was called to enquire into your daughter's conduct because she reweraed when in labour. What is the use of calling the dare Headman, he is your uncle and will certainly speak in your favour."

Judgment entered for Plaintiff for four head of cattle and 6 pound return of lobolo. Plaintiff signifies his intention to lodge an appeal.

My Head Messenger, who is an expert on Native Law and Custom, agrees that the judgment is fair. I ask him why then the dissatisfaction. He replies: "Nkosi, you are new, you are young and an untried Councillor. Wisdom is an age accumulation."

Later in the afternoon Plaintiff appears and states that he is satisfied and accepts the award when can he have the cattle.

I ask the Head Messenger why this sudden change of tune. Reply: "Plaintiff was impressed by your knowledge of the language and your ability to dispose of his case without the use of an interpreter. Your points on the Mudzimu requirements and Plaintiff's responsibilities in case of sickness, were well stated."

Claim: Divorce.

Grounds: Husband's sexual inability diminutive organ (like a cockerel).

Plea: Divorce not opposed.

Defendant states: "I deny that I have a small 'animal.' I have never had complaints from other women. It is no use my opposing Plaintiff's application it would only give her an excuse to have relations with other men. As Plaintiff is divorcing me, all that I am interested in is the return of my full lobolo so that I can get another wife without undue delay."

Charge: Bigamy.

Defence: Accused states: "The Court has noticed that my first wife is very much older than I am. My elder brother died when I was still a young man, learning the White man's

ways at the Mission. In due course I was summoned home and told that I had inherited my brother's wife. I was very pleased and accepted the woman. Later, I returned to the Mission and explained the position to the Priest. I told him that I was now married and that my first child was on the way. The Priest told me that all members of his flock were expected to be properly married. I told him that I had already registered my marriage at the Native Commissioner's office; but he persuaded me to remarry in Church, and for the sake of peace I agreed. I admit that I was duly warned of the consequences of such a marriage in particular the taking of a second wife. But, Nkosi, I did not foresee the future.

"Little did I realise that my wife would only bear me two children and then become a chembere. The Church had taught me to forget my family spirits; but I was rudely awakened. My youngest child died suddenly and within a week of her death my son fell desperately ill. I prayed hard at the Church, but it was of no avail, and I had to dig another grave. I was desperate, I remembered we had spirits, I went to my elders; they enquired if I had ascertained the cause of the tragedy I said it was God's doing. My old uncle was very angry and he instructed me to have beer brewed immediately. When the beer was ready the Mudzimu, were called. I was found that my grandfather was responsible for the deaths I had failed to remember him when I inherited my brother's wife. Oh, if only I had spoken to my Mudzimu when my daughter fell ill."

The Court: "But that still does not explain why you took a second wife."

Accused: "But I am telling you. You see, when I found the trouble I immediately killed a black bull to gadzira the Mudzimu. But my wife was now past child bearing. Five years went by and we lived happily together, we are still happy. I realised that I was getting old and I had no children. My wife fully appreciated my anxiety and it was on her suggestion that I got busy and obtained a second wife. It was a brilliant suggestion, and I now have two sons and a daughter. My Mudzimu is happy, my wives are happy and I too could be happy." Court: "Do you not realise that you have committed it serious crime for which heavy penalties may be inflicted?"

Accused: "What penalty could equal the wrath of a grieved Mudzima?"

Court: "Parliament in its wisdom decreed your action to be criminal, but fortunately punishment is at my discretion. You are fined £1 or in default seven days' I.H.L."

Accused: "I thank you, Nkosi. I have the fine. I have been married to my second wife for six years and I have 3 pound to pay her tax. I can now live in peace with the office."

The Food of the Rhodesian Native from the Dietetic Point of View

By E. BAKER JONES, MB., Ch.B., D.T.M. & H., D.P.II., Assistant Health Officer, SR. Medical Services.

THE PURPOSES OF FOOD

purposes:

Food is required by the human body for the following

- (1) To balance the body's output of energy during rest and work;
- (2) for bodily growth;
- (3) to replace the loss of tissue resulting from normal and abnormal metabolism;
- (4) to maintain health.

Unless the food consumed by any individual fulfills all these purposes, the result is malnutrition of greater or lesser degree, according to the particular defect.

The Commonest Defect. The bulk of the world's population is unable to obtain a satisfactory diet on account of its cost. The cheapest foods are those composed mainly of carbohydrate, that is to say, starches and sugars. Examples are cereals, tubers, sugar, and various fruits. Thus the staple diet of the poor man is wheat bread in England, potatoes in Ireland, rye bread in Northern and Central Europe, rice in the East, millet in Central Africa, maize in Southern Africa, starchy tubers, fruits and molasses in the West Indies. These supposed traditional diets have really been dictated by circumstance rather than taste. This is clear from the fact that the richer members of communities subsist on diets of which only a fraction is composed of the staple carbohydrate food consumed by their humble brethren. Thus the poorer members of the European community in Salisbury consume an average of one pound of bread a day as compared with the six ounces consumed by each citizen of better means. Carbohydrate has only one function in dietetics: it provides energy and therefore satisfies hunger. It takes no part in growth, replacement of lost tissue or the maintenance of health, so its proportion in any diet should be limited if the object is to get the maximum productive power from that complex machine, the human body.

Balanced Diet. Having noted the commonest defect in diet and its result, let us now consider the remedy. Carbohydrate supplies only energy. To fulfill the remaining three purposes of food, the diet must contain sufficient protein, fat, minerals, vitamins, indigestible fibre and water in such a form that these can be utilised by the human body. Wood contains protein, minerals, fibre and water, and is appreciated as a food by a termite, but not by man. The analysis of any food does not therefore supply all the criteria necessary to base an opinion on it.

Protein is necessary for growth, replacement of lost tissue and maintenance of health. In addition, it supplies energy. Protein is present in greatest concentration in meat, milk, cheese, eggs, fish and legumes, although that in food from animal sources is the most valuable and is styled "firstclass protein." Protein is present in less concentration in many cereals, tubers and fruits.

Fat is the most concentrated energyproducing part of the diet. One part by weight of fat is capable of producing two and a quarter times the energy of the same weight of either protein or carbohydrate. Fat is also the main source of Vitamins A and D In the diet, which are necessary for growth and maintenance of health. Fat is present in all foods from animal sources, in many fruits and vegetables, notably ground nuts and avocado, and in cereals, particularly maize and oats.

Minerals such as common salt, calcium, iron, phosphorus, sulphur, iodine, and copper and many others are necessary for growth, to replace waste and to maintain health. They have no energy value. They are present in greatest concentration in foods

from animal sources, the germ and brand of certain cereals, and in most vegetables and fruits. Common salt must be added to any Met to obtain the necessary concentration. More is necessary in hot weather than in cold.

Vitamins have the same general functions in food as minerals. Vitamins A and D have already been dealt with under fats, but Vitamin D can also be manufactured by the human body by exImmure to sunlight. Vitamin Bi is present in the germ and husk (if' most cereals, in yolk of egg, liver, kidney, yeast and in many vegetables and fruits. Vitamin B2 is present in yeast, most foods from animal sources and, in lesser concentration, in vegetables, fruits and cereals. Vitamin C is present in appreciable concentration in most fresh vegetables and fruits. The loss of minerals and vitamins from cooking is due mainly to the waste of the water used for cooking, not to the temperature of cooking. Even the most unstable Vitamin C is only reduced by about 50 per cent, by ordinary cooking temperature. From this, it is obvious that the use of soups and stews has considerable advantages.

Indigestible fibre or roughage is present in all vegetables and fruits and the outer part of cereals. A certaIn amount is necessary to maintain health, but inn much causes Indigestion and malnutrition. Very little fibre is present In meat and fish and consequently races which subsist on an entirely carnivorous diet are reputed tobe prone to constipation.

The Bulk of FoodFood is measured quantitatively in heat units called "calories." In whatever form food is consumed and whatever defects in quality exist, it must be sufficient in quantity. A large man requires more calories than a small man, and a manual labourer more than a person engaged in sedentary work. In the anxiety to provide a balanced diet it must not be forgotten that men cannot live on vitamins alone.

The more indigestible fibre and water which any food contains the greater is the bulk required to provide the necessary calories; hence a vegetarian diet is the most bulky and, in view of the limited capacity of the human stomach and the short period of his life which man devotes to eating, a vegetarian diet is inconsistent with hard manual labour; it must be supplemented by cereals and food from animal sources. Fat is, by virtue of its superlative energy production, the least bulky of foods in proportion to its power to allay hunger.

The feeling of distention after a meal, which is unpleasant to the European but desirable to the Native, can be produced in two ways: (i) By long intervals between meals. This implies larger meals to satisfy appetite; (ii) by reducing the fat content of the diet and increasing the water and indigestible fibre.

In practice, the Native relies on both these principles. Instead of the European's three meals a day and snacks between meals, the native prefers one or two heavy meals, the combined caloric value of which is no greater and no less than that of a daily ration for a European of similar size and expending as much physical energy. The proportion of fibre is slightly greater in the Native's diet, but he objects to too much, such as is caused by the addition of coarse bran to his mealie meal. He can eat more ground nuts than the European, but dislikes more than about 2 ozs. (shelled) a day because the fat content of ground nuts is a high one.

Native Diet versus European It is a debatable point as to whether the Native's dietetic habits are more physiologically perfect or the European's. The Native's habits save much time in food preparation and fuel, and he makes full use of the storage capacity of his digestive organs and liver and, incidentally, appears to be immune to many of the gastrointestinal disorders and lesions which are so prevalent among Europeans.

On the other hand, the relatively smaller proportion of fat in the Native's diet means a reduced consumption of the fat-soluble Vitamins A and D, other things being equal. Vitamin A is necessary for growth, and to resist infectious diseases such as tuberculosis, leprosy and pneumonia. The white maize used in this Colony contains a negligible amount of carotene, the precursor of Vitamin A, which is found in most vegetables and fruits with a yellow or red colour, such as yellow maize, carrot, pumpkin, yellow sweet potato, mango, pawpaw, tomato and in most green leafy vegetables and in egg yolk.

The Vitamin C content of the diet of natives working on the Rand mines has been estimated and found to be only just above the minimum standard necessary to protect against scurvy; there is no great margin of safety. Figures of the Vitamin A content are unfortunately not available, but it is doubtful if the margin (if safety is any greater than that of Vitamin C. With the exception of some of our larger industrial companies in this Colony, the diet of the Native is not under strict and constant supervision, and therefore probably gives a lower margin of safety than that on the Rand mines. The larger quantity of meat consumed by the Native labourer than by the Native in his kraal probably confers protection against pellagra.

Ground Nuts versus Dried Beans The Native consumes no milk or cheese except, occasionally, sour clotted milk, so the calcium content of his diet is usually below that of the European. Next to milk or cheese, dried beans have the highest calcium content. Ground nuts contain much fat but not much minerals, therefore not more than about 2 ozs. a day are indicated from any point of view, whereas dried beans of good quality can be consumed up to about 4 ozs. a day without complaint and thus increase the mineral and protein content of the diet. Of the .75 gramme of calcium required a day, .2 gramme is supplied by 4 ozs. of beans, and .04 gramme by 2 ozs. of ground nuts (shelled).

The Diet of the Kraal Native and the Native Labourer An adult, man performing no hard work requires about 2,000 calories it day to sustain his resting bodily functions. Under conditions of hard labour, however, from 4,000 to 5,000 calories are necessary. This may be provided by extra carbohydrates such as maize or molasses, but it is necessary to augment the protein, minerals and vitamins in the diet because the stress of hard labour and the contact with hundreds of strangers, incidental to living in a cornhound, increase the risk of infection by various diseases. It is a pity that we have not sufficient knowledge of the preparation of "usavi" dishes to provide the Native labourer with the extra protein, minerals and vitamins in a form which he would appreciate, rather than as meat, ground nuts, beans and vegetables as we do. Research along these lines is indicated urgently. It is true that the Native becomes sophisticated to European foods gradually, but it is doubtful if this is to his benefit. It would be better to adjust this traditional diet so that it would be sufficient for hard labour than to try to impose a new diet on him suddenly. However, until this Ideal state is reached, the ration scale prescribed in the Mining Regulations should be taken as a reasonably good diet for conditions of labour. This is composed of 1 lbs. of maize meal (or other itrial such as rapoko, mabele, inyouti or rice) a day, and a weekly ration of 2 lbs. meat, 2 lbs. dried beans, 1 lb. ground nuts, 2 lbs. fresh vegetables, and 3 ozs. salt. An average analysis of this diet shows a daily consumption of 130 grammes of protein, 85 grammes of fat, and 627 grammes of carbohydrate with a total of 3,890 calories. When fresh vegetables are difficult to obtain it is essential to provide some antiscorbutic substitute, and to personally supervise its consumption by the Natives. Mazoe Orange Concentrate is as good an antiscorbutic for this purpose as can be obtained here, and it is cheaper to provide this than to lose labour on account of scurvy. The difficulty of ensuring that Natives consume the fresh vegetables which are provided is insuperable in the absence of a large staff and communal cooking and, even in the latter event, there is a tendency for some natives pick the meat out of the stew and throw away the rest.

Kaffir Beer. Kaffir beer, in moderation, is a usefull source of Vitamins B1 and B2.

Different Kinds of Maize Meal From the energyproducing point of view there is nothing to choose between the various grades of maize meal. Where natives have complained and sample's of the offending meal were examined, these were found to contain an abnormal proportion of added coarse fibre, husks and sweepings. Straightrun, 30 mesh meal is richer in protein, fat, minerals and vitamins than roller meal or ordinary 30 mesh.

Since the Native labourer's diet, even if it conforms with the Mining Regulations, has only a narrow margin of protective properties, and maize meal figures so largely in the diet, it Is strongly advisable to ensure that the maize meal is the best obtainable from the health point of view and, at the same time, palatable. Straightrun, 30 mesh meal, with the following specification, fulfills these conditions: (1) The meal should be milled from Class A maize;

(2) it should be straightrun, 30 mesh;

(3) it should be free from any deteriorative or adulterative addition such as husk, refuse from other millings, etc.;

(4) at least 95 per cent. should pass through a sieve fitted with a 30 mesh screen made of medium wire, i.e., wire with a diameter of $\frac{1}{120}$ th part of an inch enclosing square sieving holes with sides approximately $\frac{1}{40}$ th part of an inch long;

(5) it should not contain more than 14 per cent, of moisture nor yield more than 1.6 per cent, of ash.

Molasses Molasses is concentrated carbohydrate and contains a large proportion of iron. It is a useful source of energy and iron, and is highly appreciated by natives, but should be given in limited quantities, up to 2 ozs. a day.

Infant Feeding. Human milk is the best feed for infants until they are about 9 months old. However, the process of weaning implies the introduction of starch into the diet in the form of cereal. Infants have a limited ability to digest starch and this ability can be trained by the gradual increase of the amount of cereal in the diet during the weaning period. It is a controversial problem as to when is the best time to commence giving an infant starch. Some are averse to commencing this before the infant is 9 months old, others consider 6 months is the appropriate age, while some maintain that starch should figure in the diet after the first ten days of life. However, the important point to remember is that starch should be given at first in very small proportions and increased gradually according to the infant's ability to digest it and should at no time exceed a certain proportion of the diet.

The native mother's custom of giving gruel to her infant may or, may not be advantageous according to the quantity which is given. The custom among certain tropical races of feeding infants on a diet consisting largely or entirely of starch is, in the writer's experience responsible for the bulk of infantile disorders and the high infant mortality which are associated therewith. One cannot say whether this applies to the Rhodesian native without further investigation. If it does, it is a most difficult problem to cope with. Where human milk is unavailable, the use of cow's or goat's milk is best from the dietetic point of view but here again there is a difficulty. The native is ignorant of the principles of elementary hygiene, and milk can be more harmful than excessive starch unless it is prepared and served under hygienic conditions.

It must be obvious from the above that any advice on native diseases at present can only be provisional. Tradition is necessary for the survival of any race, but the changes in environment subsequent to European colonisation have been too rapid for tradition to adjust itself to the new circumstances. By scientific research and organisation we should, by a reverse procedure, adjust the new circumstances to tradition as far as possible.

Two Legends

By VINCENT FERREIRA.

II) A Mountain Legend.

Between Rusape and Inyazura there is a Railway Halt called Tiwiri. Not far away there is a kopjie* crowned by a large rock formation. On this rock one can discern an image resembling a young maiden. Legend has it that this inauspicious statue is an inducement to all young folk to treat with respect the elements sent by the M'limo.

Many, many years ago six maidens set out to visit a neighbouring village where a great feast was in progress. Rumour had it that five young men had appeared on the scene and that was one of the main attractions for these maidens to visit the place of celebration. Whilst on their way the wind started blowing. One of the maidens began to laugh at the wind as it buffeted her madumbo (ornamented skirt made of skin used at dances) which she had to keep down with her hand. The more she laughed the harder blew the wind. The harder the wind blew the more she laughed until the wind in its fury became a roaring cyclone. It lifted the maiden and placed her on the rock, where to this day she is a reminder to young folk to respect the elements of the M'limo. (2) How cattle and lobolo first came to Manyikaland,

A young warrior of fine physique had become dissatisfied with life at his home in the North. His chief had made peace with all the surrounding tribes and so to fulfil his lust for adventure he set off to find new environments.

After travelling for three weeks he happened on a countryside which pleased him and after satisfying the headman of that land that he would be willing to prove himself a good friend, was allowed to stay.

He was admired for his prowess and shrewdness at hunting, his deference and respect to his elders and his politeness towards the females.

After many months' stay at this village he fell in love with one of the girls. When he intimated that he wished to marry this girl her father readily gave his consent, but the mother refused to allow her daughter to marry a foreigner. With the help of the father he eloped with the girl, taking her to his home. When five or six years had elapsed she expressed her desire to visit her parents.

Great was the rejoicing by all when it was learnt how he had taken good care of one of their tribe and more especially at the two fine children. Everyone, as is the custom, brought titbits for this young man, and, as etiquette demands, he had to partake of all the food brought to him. This resulted in a bilious attack that night and, being afraid of being thought illmannered to vomit in a public place, he used his satchel.

The next morning, having made sure that nobody was about, he passed the satchel through an opening in the hut. He was, however, greatly surprised and dismayed when nandclapping took place and the satchel was received by no other than his motherinlaw. She exclaimed: "Look what my soninlaw has given me. I am not examining this now, but will wait till evening to receive his present in the proper manner." With these words the satchel was hung up in her hut.

The motherinlaw was ever so pleased when she discovered that the satchel was filled with Mbewa (field mice). The man learnt that his wife had taken the satchel to the river, washed it and on her way back had the good fortune to collect the mbewa. So ashamed was he that he set off for his home that night.

After many moons he returned and called all the people together saying that he had brought with him a present for his wife which he would like to present in public to show how grateful he was to a dutiful wife.

He disappeared into the bush and brought forth a cow and a calf. The elders at first treated these animals with suspicion as they had never seen buck of this kind before. They were set at ease when it was explained that these were domesticated animals.

The wife, however, said that as she was a woman she could not possess property and would therefore hand these cattle over to her father.

That is how the cattle were first introduced to Manyikaland and that is how lobolo started.

The Nature of Bantu Art and Some Suggestions for its Encouragement

THE REV. EDWARD PATERSON, Principal of Cyrene.

Most of us are guilty of using the term "African Art" and meaning by it that there is an art peculiar to the African and differing from the art of the peoples of other continents. The moment we think, however, about the art of this continent, we find that this imagined unity within Africa breaks up into several well types of art which have no more of a common denominator between them than that which connects them with the art of the rest. of the world. Leaving out the art of the Northern Coast of Africa and the art of Egypt as being develop duo to circumstances and influences absent from the rest of Africa, we have still the art of Abyssinia and Nubia, Negro art, Bantu art and Bushman art. For the purpose of this article it is necessary to consider only Negro and Bantu art and to decide whether there is between them any essential difference.

Negro Art, which has been much publicised, has, owing to its more spectacular nature, fixed itself in the public mind as being the highwater mark of the art of the black man, with Bantu art considered to be a debased or at least an undeveloped form of the same art. About the year 1920, when the mind of Europe was floundering in the mental aftermath of war and feeling after new formulae for the expression of personality in art and poetry

and music, Negro art was introduced to the European in a series of exhibitions to be immediately seized upon by the art world as being of that type of restatement of old truths for which it had been seeking. This strange "new" art was seen to have a dynamic vitality; its simple rendition of form and flawless finish giving it a potency, even though a brutal potency, which had long disappeared from the cold classicism of the derivative art of Europe, and, fresh from the battlefields of Europe, men felt in their dissatisfaction with the then world, the need of restating brutally and crudely the lessons of destruction learnt. It was for this reason that the arts of Europe preferred as a postwar influence the crudities of primitive art before the flawless technical perfection of decadent antique art. Negro art was not alone in its advent to those turbulent times; the discoveries of archaeological excavators and Maya and Aztec art, the art of the jungles of India, the ponderous crudities of Easter Island and a welter of the arts of primitive man took Europe by storm; expressions such as barbaric colour, vitality, significant form, pregnant space, were bandied about, and after a long feast of seeing and discussing, European man settled down to the translation into his art terms the lessons learnt from these new influences. The results were in every case strangely disappointing; the same forms used by the man of Africa when used by the man of Europe had only a spurious vitality-emasculated-like temples from which the cultus had flown, and it is well to consider this was so.



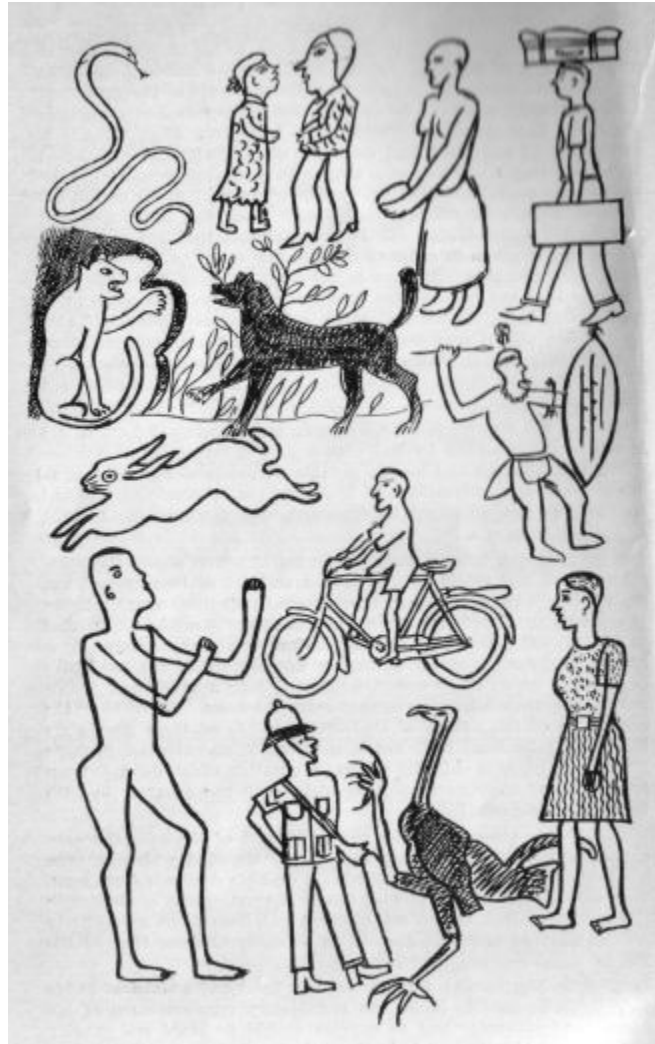
Man inevitably ties his finest craftsmanship to his hopes from life: the philosophy of his religion, and not to his understanding of life. There is in all great art the quality of its having been lifted up and consecrated, not only to enshrine the craft of the artist but also to connect with the concept of the permanent and to honour the God. This quality of consecration disappears from art and is superseded by mere technical dexterity when craftsmanship is lifted up merely to the pleasure of a king, a town council, a courtesan, as we see, for example, in the intolerable trickery of much of the art of later Egypt, of Chien Lung, Venice, the 1851 Exhibition and presentday Bond Street. It is not essential that art should be objectively religious in order to capture this quality of consecration, and indeed the objective form of art does not here enter the sub for it is the mind of the artist, released from the bondage to wealth and bound to his philosophy of life, which finds itself able to enshrine within craftsmanship as though by accident this num quality, and it is this alone which is the common denominator in the art of all races, whether the God be a God of Cruelty or a God of Love.

When the reasons for the difference in the outward form of art is sought for, we have to deal with a very different set of circumstances, but human and understandable circumstances such as ritual observances, the conventions of tradition, the economic factor, and so forth, as not, as might be supposed, with factors such as race or pigmentation of skin.

Thus, if one takes a map of the world which shows the rain areas and refers to the religion and art of these areas, one finds between them a strange similarity. In all these areas religion is cruel because nature is cruel, and consequently art becomes cruel. Its outward form: God of the rainforests places no value upon human life, for cheapness of human life is part of the prolificity of the soil, or, in other words, religion is here a religion of blood; red from human beings and green from the trees. If we alter the conception of the nature of God in the minds of these people we inevitably take from their art its spontaneity and vitality, perhaps forever or perhaps only for a time; a question which depends upon how much of their own religious ideas they can smuggle in with them into their new faith.

It is this question of the productiveness of the soil; the ease or difficulty with which man can obtain his food which governs his conception of the character of God and his demands from man. This will explain why it is that the Bantu conception of God, with the art dependent therefrom, rising as it does from an entirely different, set of economic factors, is so different from that of the Negro.

To the Negro, God, terribly near at hand and whimsical in his judgements, seemed to invite the propitiatory representation of his person and character and to express delight in blood and cruelty and fear considered as ends in themselves. God, to the Bantu, had no delight in cruelty; He was far away and his people were connected to him only through the mediation of prophets and seers; he demanded from them no representation in art, but instead only gifts of thanksgiving or propitiation won from the soil or from their herds.



It is in some such way that we must account for the fact that there exists no considerable work of art which can be ascribed to the Bantu, apart from Zimbabwe, and Zimbabwe is probably nothing more than the sudden flowering of a new religious idea, similar to the meteoric rise of Solomon in Hebrew history and the heretical renaissance of Tutankhamen in Egypt and which as suddenly died away in an inclement soil.

There are, however, many objective relationships between Negro and Bantu art which must be remembered, as it is these fortuitous accidents which to a great degree are the cause of their having been considered parts of a related art; both peoples have been cut off from new influences in art; both are three-dimensional in outlook because both start with a log of wood or a dollop of clay, both use rushes and grasses and skins and a handful of beads; both have the same type of primitive tools; both live in simple houses and share the same sort of tribal life, and both share the same unending indolence, but here the likeness ends.

In considering Bantu art, we must first decide whether it is an art *sui generis* or whether it has affinities with the arts of other peoples. My own experience leads me to dogmatise

that all peoples start level in first expressing themselves aesthetically and that consequently, when the purely literary side of a drawing is disregarded, it is impossible to distinguish the art of a Bantu child from the art of any other children. To all little children the significant points of the human figure are the head, with its eyes and mouth, the arms and legs with its fingers and toes, and not the body, which is rendered arbitrarily by a line or a circle or a box: a subjective and mental approach, and not visual. It would seem, though I will not dogmatise about this, that the significance of the body proper, and the articulation of the limbs is felt only with the approach to puberty.

A Bantu child will produce from its subliminal self patterns and shapes which have been used by man ever since he walked the earth, and will, with little development, continue to use them in mature life. When one searches through the history of art for the origin of these patterns and shapes, one discovers that the Bantu affinity is with people whose way of life most closely approximates his own, that is, with the simple pastoral and agricultural peoples of the world of history; people, the monotony of whose lives is varied by tribal wars, harvest festivals, weddings and funeral feasts. This type of life has been common since Neolithic times: it was the life of the Hebrews, and it exists today in many parts of Eastern Europe and Asia. Among all such people there is an essential similarity of religion and art: a peasant art which is common to every man and which hugs the soil; an art concerned more with the beautifying of the things of everyday use than with the production of objects of vertu. It is when people living such lives become prosperous and Powerful (e.g., Solomon) and add to their system kings and courts and a developed cultus that art moves away from the soil and becomes expressive, at least in part, of such new elements in their lives. In such a development the artist is no longer everyman, but a specialist member of a caste which denies to the people the validity of their old art forms.

We have then in Bantu art the art of a simple pastoral and agricultural people which has not moved far from the soil or from the simple decoration of utilitarian things; the art of a people who ask little of life but the satisfaction of the needs of the moment. The industrialisation of the Bantu and his herding together in locations will thus be seen to introduce an entirely different set of circumstances and perforce a new conception of God, and it is to be expected, as has already happened in the Union, that his art will be affected and controlled by those same factors which control European art, or rather the art of people who are ignorant of the soil and who buy their food in shops.

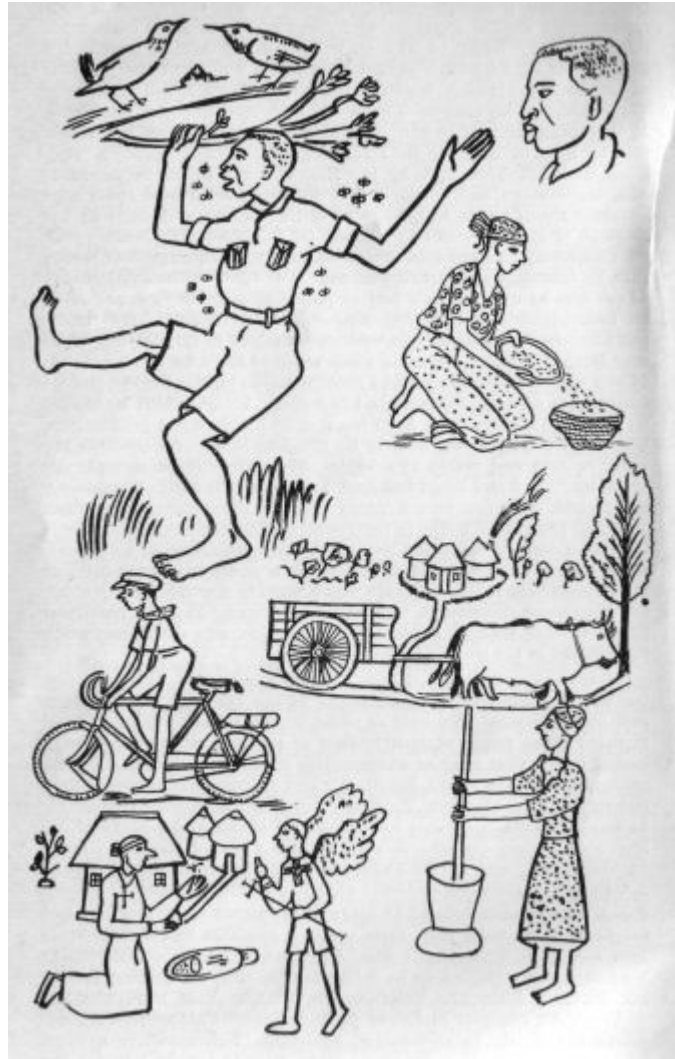
In teaching art to children of whatever background, one should get rid of the word "teaching" and substitute "encouragement," for no teacher would willingly impose upon a class a set form of art if he were to know that with such a method the great majority of the class will drop art as soon as the "teaching" ceases; "having no root in themselves." This point is important in all craft work, for how often does one meet onetime art pupils who have for show some laboured drawing done at school twenty years before and with nothing done since. An unreasoned fear of the inspector or the governing body will sometimes make a teacher force a set form of art upon a class for the sake of making a show, and this is very wrong, for it sacrifices the ultimate pleasure of his pupils in art to the immediate and sterile pleasure of the teacher.

This article is intended to reach teachers and officials who find themselves suddenly confronted by some manifestation of art and who, while wishing to encourage it, feel incompetent, because of lack of training and knowledge, to deal with it, and to assure them that simple encouragement has always been a more fruitful source of stimulus towards development than even wise and informed advice. It is a wise teacher or parent who can teach by eliminating himself and giving his pupils the feeling of having found their own feet. We must learn not to obtrude ourselves too much into their lives and to worry more about their background than about their expression of their background. I know of one wellmeaning storekeeper in a reserve who ruined the delightful pottery of his district by showing them models of prehistoric animals and of European pottery and getting them to copy them, and thereafter supplying cheaply little tins of brightlycoloured enamels to colour them with. We should not impose our weary and confused ideas of beauty on a child, but encourage him to show us his own idea of beauty.

The articles commonly used by the Bantu as fields for decoration are rapidly disappearing from his life. In a hundred homes one may find, apart from native adzes and grass mats, no single article of native workmanship. The trader had made the native "deaf and numb in both hands," in so far as art expression is concerned; just as the rhythms of hymns and jazz have curbed his initiative. Today many of us feel, without being able to reason the matter out, that a people should have at its command every means or aesthetic expression which we ourselves have found necessary. We should not be concerned with the direction taken by the Bantu in expressing himself in art. Provided we do not expect immediate results, he will find the field for art almost unlimited. A very great deal has been done by the Bantu in the Union in the fields of art, literature and music; a first flowering from seed sown haphazardly many years ago, some of it in reserves and some in the ferment of large towns and slums. Of this flowering I can speak with authority and say that it was watered by encouragement rather than by teaching, and say further that in the future the development of art will be due not to a settled policy or syllabus, but rather to our encouraged secret growth flowering unexpectedly. By "unexpectedly" I mean that a child who shows talent in the drawing class may later rise like a rocket in some other of the arts. The practice of any one of the arts seems to provide pupils with a key mental awareness of deeper things, and provides a bridge which later may be discarded as the pupil finds his feet in his personal predilection. On these lines must the answer be given to those who question the value of arts and crafts in schools. They are instruments for coordinating hand and brain and soul, and when this result is achieved, the means used for coordination may be discarded: "the *raison d'être* of the rabbit snare is the rabbit when the rabbit is caught. The snare may be dispensed with." As an illustration of this point, there is printed at the end of this paper a poem written in English by a 14 year old Bantu boy. He was a pupil in a woodcarving class, but, his genius flowered in this unexpected way. It is an unstudied effort, written without faltering or correction, and discovered quite by accident in his personal note book.

Personally, therefore, I am against a settled syllabus in art, but at the same time very conscious of the value of a school as a seedbed of culture. By way of relief from a spate of words, I have included three pages of illustrations of the sort of work one may expect in the first year of encouraging art in a native school. The materials used are paper,

pencil, ink and crayons, but neither ruler's nor rubbers are allowed. In this year a few developed sufficiently to be able to make designs for carving on chairs and tables and for fresco on walls. To achieve such results a school should be made "artconscious" and taught to regard the artist as being normal and not as being abnormal as is the case in European schools.



A set period is devoted to art, and the pupils given a set subject for illustration until such time as they are able to think of their own subjects. The subject should be one in which a child might reasonably be expected to be interested in, such as Getting Honey, My Wedding Day, The Troublesome Ox, The Veld Fire, The End of Term, An Incident in School Life, A Native Fable. The teacher leaves the pupils to themselves, retorting "Nonsense" to a pupil who says "I can't draw an ox." After perhaps twenty minutes the teacher selects a drawing which shows some little understanding of the drawing of a particular thing and shows it round the class, saying, "Look what Abednego has done!" A spirit of emulation is very easily awakened, early crudities will disappear and drawings produced which can be shown to visitors. The teacher should not attempt to draw on the board or in any way to dictate the design or grouping of a picture, neither should he

exhibit any illustration or model which can be copied. Design just "happens" by itself, but it can be encouraged by making pupils first draw a border to their work and even patterning it and thereafter drawing within it; the drawing of this border has fixed in the pupil's mind the area over which he has command and forces him sooner or later to fill the space with interesting forms. Theories of design need not worry the teacher, for children have some natural idea of design, but it is perhaps well to know that in general the details of a picture should be so arranged as to keep the eye satisfied within the border and with no lines or forms which by their trend tend to lead the eye off the picture.

The pupil's ideas about drawing and colour should not be interfered with, and it has been found well to leave the drawing with his for completion in his spare time.

After a few months the teacher will examine his harvest and paste in rough scrapbooks those drawings or portions of drawings which commend themselves to him, but not as compared with our drawing or even with the object represented, but outstanding because of vitality or symbolism or economy of life or sense of humour. This is the difficult part of the work and the part most likely to terrify the teacher, as so much depends upon his ability to recognise art in strange guise, but when it is remembered that children see with mental vision and not with visual vision, the teacher may learn to forget his presuppositions and see with a fresh eye. These scrapbooks should then be pondered over and the apparent bent of each child considered and new material such as compasses, watercolour, large paper and poster colours introduced. Where possible, scrapbooks should be exchanged between schools for mutual encouragement.

In this way drawing will become a school hobby and all over the school will be seen students busy at some sort of drawing. When this happens, the art period may be used for more concentrated Individual work: reviewing past efforts and rather pointing out good points than finding fault.

The official who works with natives and who is faced by art must do what he can by encouragement: a word of praise to a woman who has decorated her house or made a good bit of grasswork or a clay pot; an unfeigned interest in the work of any craftsman; a pretended serious examination of the sandtray houses of stones and rubbish which children are for ever busy at, or a little help with pencils and paper to a boy struggling to express himself in line. I know of one district where one might have imagined the people to be of a different tribe from those in the next district, so gaily were the houses decorated and so much did the women vie with each other in the care of their homes, and yet this difference was due simply to the fact that a European who visited frequently in this district had habitually noticed such things and discussed them with the people and joked about them.

Of all this encouragement we cannot see the outcome; there is in certain individuals the urge to express themselves in one of the forms of art and they themselves, if they need more than the satisfaction of their own urge, must create and maintain their own market. To us it is given to sympathise and encourage and then to stand aside, prepared even in our own lifetime, to see some flowering of their genius.

NOTE ON THE PLATES.

It will be appreciated that the illustrations for an article such as this must be chosen to encourage and also to illustrate points made in the article. In the last three months we have been using colour and thus we are not able to illustrate them. I can only say of this later work that it is surprisingly good. All the illustrations are from drawings by pupils at Cyrene. The letters P.A. refer to a Pelican Sixpenny, 'Primitive Art,' by L. Adam, an illustrated book which makes interesting reading.

Plate I shows the sort of thing one starts with when pupils have never before drawn. The drawings above the line are by children below puberty, the one at F2 by an European child aged three for comparison, and the one with roads by a child on the edge of puberty. F1 is interesting as being the representation of a hut as a femalean enfolding refuge. B4 shows an 'Xray' hut, an idea which has affinities with primitive art in many lands and which is perhaps seen again in A5. Of the postpuberty period under the line, F4, B9, A10 and E9 all go back to Neolithic times. F8 is related to one of the techniques used in the South African petroglyphs (P.A. 73), and A7 to yet another technique there used (P.A. 89). D5 and E6 are beautifully and surely drawn and are in part symbols on the way to becoming pictographs. AG is Celtic in type. D8 is related to F1 in idea.

Plate 11. These are examples of change after three months. It will be seen that the pupils have not been given a formula for the drawing of the body, but that instead each pupil, and this is true of the whole school, has his own idea about things.

Plate III shows a still later development. The boy beating off bees is the work of a cripple sent us by the C.N.C. under the terms of his Benevolent Fund; his pictures always show violent action. The pupil who drew the woman kneeling is today a very fine craftsman and is probably the only native artist of any great merit in Southern Rhodesia.

The Original Marriage Customs of the Makalana

By the REV. C. E. SEAGER, M.A.

The marriage practices of the Makalana have changed where foreign influences have reached them. Where those influences have not penetrated, the older customs remain unchanged.

Malobola has always been the binding part of a marriage. It was a gift from the bridegroom to the home from which the bride came. When it was paid, the bride became the bridegroom's legal wife, and she could not have relations with any other man. If the marriage was broken, the malobola had to be repaid.

If a man, A, wished to marry B, the daughter of C, he sent a friend it could be anyone to ask her parents for her. C and his wife would then call all or some of their relatives, and he would ask them whom they thought should be B's husband. They would suggest

someone perhaps they would suggest four names and then C would answer, "I know A, and I am going to give her to him." If they agreed, they chose a spokesman to take a dry skin to A as a sign of agreement, but if they did not agree to him they would not send the skin. A had to soften the skin and then return it. It was not used for any particular purpose afterwards. The relatives might choose to test A to see if he was old and could be looked upon as one likely to cooperate in the kraal. They might, for instance, send him for firewood before exchanging any gifts. If A made mistakes in his speech or was a poor servant, these facts were noted and had to be paid for later.

When the bride was to be given, A would give six goats, each of which had a name, as follows:

1. Boho, meaning Thanksgiving.
2. Tjinyadzamilomo, being food for the council of relatives.
3. Madlananga, which was the doctor's expenses for the girl when born and when attended in infancy.
4. Kulukulu, for the bride's mother and expressing thanks for carrying her in the womb.
5. Manwatsogo. This was for the bride, but was not given if she was not a virgin.
6. Meho. This was also for the bride and under the same condition.

After the goats had been given, if the girl was fullgrown, oil and red paint were mixed in her hair to indicate her maturity. The bridegroom was now allowed to visit B and could stay in the kraal for a few days and help, for instance, in the fields. B now belonged to A in a sense, but was still subject to her parents.

When Spring came, Hika or Nseula, a large quantity of beer was made and the people were called to plough the mother-in-law's field. This was meant to show that the son-in-law helps his mother-in-law to get more food. On the day that the ploughing ended food would be given to the helpers, and B would go to A's home to be tested. She would be given the lighting of fires, sweeping, gathering firewood, the stamping of grain, and so on. Everybody would give her work and she would have to be obedient and try to do all the tasks given to her without becoming exhausted. She would return home at the end of the testing.

If the bride was not already fullgrown, when she reached adult life the bridegroom would send women to ask for the bride for the second time. The parents would agree, but would say that they themselves would send her. Beer would be made again. B's parents would tell A's parents that they will take B to him on a certain evening. A party of ten or more women would go with B. About a mile from the kraal they would start singing and go on singing until they reached it. The bridegroom would pay nobo (a hoe, a pick or a goat), which would be intended for the parents. If A was poor he would go and take his bride, paying something, but avoiding the expense the women incur.

The son-in-law would then give two goats. The first was called

Bandanenyanga and the second Bobola or Bandanenyanga holo wayo.

The latter was taken to the father of the bride.

When the bride was taken to the bridegroom she was still wearing the dress of girlhood (a fringe of beads), but in time it would be changed for a goatskin. After a month A would take a goat and have it killed. Then a man would soften the skin and give it to the women, telling them to take the skin, goats and the bride and another woman to her mother and have her dressed as a woman. When they reached the home they would give the mother-in-law a living goat and say, "This is the strap for your dress." They would give the skin to the bride and say, "Dress as a woman. You are the bride of A." This is the second sign of marriage. The bride would go home then to the bridegroom and was his full wife.

After a time B's parents would think of obtaining the dowry. A would pay 11 goats to his parents-in-law, as follows:

1. Zwele. This belongs to B's father.
2. Lomowe-zwele, that is, the mouth of Zwele.
3. Hunu ayo, that is, the kid of Zwele.
- 4, 5, 6. Similarly named goats belonging to B's mother just as 1, 2 and 3 belong to her father.
7. Enatenini, a goat given to her father's young brother.
8. Nsebeweadzwadzi, a goat given to a brother of the bride by the same mother.
9. Yabusekukwi, given to the bride's maternal uncle.
10. Yabama adzi, given to the bride's paternal aunt.
11. Bila, a goat given to the bride's grandfather.

In addition to these 11 goats, two more were given

1. Luguta, being the hedge of the kraal; and
2. Unamatsa, the goat which was sent with the original messenger.

These goats then constitute the malobola. Before goats were owned by the Makalana they used leads bought from the Boers or the Portuguese.

African Music: A Modern View

(By HUGH TRACEY)

The African who comes into contact with European music does so at great disadvantage. He is faced with an art form representing two centuries accumulation of the written music of the Western world; he is persuaded, moreover, by the minor exponents of this foreign music that his own culture is barbaric and insignificant and should be jettisoned in favour of the European style which has so strong an associative power in the minds of his teachers.

For his part, he represents the folk music of one village or at most one district. Folk music is rarely if ever analysed by its exponents, and though unwritten is the natural expression of the musical emotions of the folk from day to day. It is never "old" music in the sense that the music of dead composers is old music, and it is always today's music today, however much it, follows the traditional style of playing. In this sense there is no old folk music in Africa but only the modern performance of music that accompanies modern customs and expresses modern musical satisfactions. Very few attempts to record and still fewer to write African melodies have been made; these give us only a slight acquaintanceship with African music of past years; apart from them our knowledge of African art form is limited to a description of their instruments and associated customs.

It is quite possible intellectually to know more about African music than any one African minstrel, though it can safely be said that not a single European has the requisite skill either to compose in the African manner or to take a part in African orchestras such as those of the Bachopi xylophones (msaho we timbila) or the Mbira or flute ensembles.

The strong emotive power of music particularly in regard to its associations with religion and custom has been the cause of the wholesale destruction of African music. The European, firmly associating certain melodies and modes with the Christian way of life, has believed that the Christian way of life can only be achieved by Africans when they too associate the same music with the same behaviour. This national exclusiveness in our music is as primitive as that of the Africans whom we wish to save, but it is much more reprehensible.

The African convert, who for a number of reasons gives up his national mode of living, genuinely attempts to fall into line with the teaching of foreign music as something which he imagines represents a higher form of culture. But in this, in common with his teachers, he displays a complete ignorance of the meaning of musical culture. It would argue that art is a commercial commodity to be acquired by all and sundry irrespective of their psychology. National art forms are but the channels through which the psyche of a people can be expressed in symbols best suited to their mentality. They are the flowers to the tree, the natural and generic result of the species. They can only be compared in broad outline upon the lines of a common human psychology, but the symbolism of all art must remain national to achieve its purpose. The deliberate destruction of African art forms by Europeans aided by ignorant though wellmeaning Africans must be deplored by all who comprehend the social importance of art.

Tagore, the Indian philosopher, who died recently, expressed the clash of cultures in these words

"Thus placed between two contending forces (Western and Indian), we shall mark out the middle path of truth in our national life; we shall realise that only through the development of racial individuality can we truly attain to universality, and only in the light of the spirit of universality can we perfect individuality; we shall know of a verity that it is idle mendicancy to discard our own and beg for the foreign, and at the same time we shall feel that it is the extreme abjectness of poverty to dwarf ourselves by rejecting the foreign."

We have now learnt sufficient of African music to know that It has all the characteristics of a great art, though in its present folk stage its potentialities are latent. Its most musical instruments, the Mbira (hand pianos) and Timbila (xylophones), are mechanically and musically sound and economically are well within the reach of the people. Bantu languages are by no means primitive and their tonal structure lends itself to the creation of melody. Their facility in making musical instruments, pipes, bows and percussion, amounts to a national characteristic. Their still active talent for communal composition and improvisation is the envy of the hack musician. Everything, in fact, is in their favour were it not for the irrational attitude of a few Europeans who are destroying African music in favour of an imitation of the national musics of the West. But what can it profit an African if he sings the Hallelujah Chorus, and neglects his own art. Any choir anywhere can sing the Hallelujah Chorus, but only the Bantu can expound their own art. Education can only offer the empty shell without the spiritual organism. If we Ilesist in our antagonism, the Bantu like his Negro cousin will be left, holding the dead shell to his ears vainly listening for the lost voices of his musical heritage. What is the answer to this impasse? The practical application of twentieth century methods. The recording apparatus has come just in time to do what notation can never do, the exact reproduction of music as expounded by the African folk. We need in Africa the equivalent of a Cecil Sharp research school. It is not without cause that English music has experienced a rejuvenation in the wake of Cecil Sharp and Vaughan Williams. By means of the gramophone we can record African music without the intrusion of our own musical prejudices. We could establish a small research station, preferably under the auspices of an institution such as the Government Training School at Domboshawa, where every minstrel in the land (and in the ethnic area just beyond our borders between the Zambesi and ZLimpopo) could be brought to the research station to record their whole repertoire. As these men are the musicians of the country (as opposed to the common people who sing the refrains), the greatest store of musical talent is reflected in their genius and consequently most of the folk art would be recorded at the station before the more expensive expeditions to the country need be organised.

Records would be carefully stored and copies made on acetate metalbase discs for immediate use at the institute. Suitable records would be sent as "masters" for commercial reproduction and to supply the growing demand for indigenous music in the locations where gramophones are in use or loudspeaker systems installed. At the same time these records would be played to the minstrels to enlarge their experience of their own national art and encourage original composition. In five to ten years sufficient material would have been collected and analysed to formulate a proper school of African music.

Hand in hand with recording would go a research into the musical instruments of the country with tests of local materials to find the best methods of manufacture based on the combined knowledge of the minstrels, and modern science. The economics of the situation demand that the maximum use be made of local materials. It is quite out of reason to suppose that the African will immediately adopt a tempered scale based upon our piano, which at its cheapest costs 1 pound per note for its 88 notes. The Mbira on the other hand costs rather less than 3d. per note and the Timbila is. per note. Orchestras of these instruments accompanied by drums and pipes are within the reach of every kraal school in the country. European instruments cannot compete economically. Guitars and banjos cost from two to ten pounds, even the mouth organs cost from 6s. to 1 pound each.

The carpenter's shop at the research station would demonstrate to potential kraal school teachers the extent of musical enjoyment there is to be found in the simplest of African instruments if properly introduced into their schools at the expenditure of well directed energy alone.

As to the more scientific considerations concerned with the study of modes and scales, and eventually with notation, the research station would soon be able to make practical contributions to African music by measuring with accurate tools the tunings of musical instruments and in time evolve general musical rules from the details presented by independent minstrels who at present work in ignorance of the extent of their culture as a whole.

From such a school and within the immediate future the whole of the problem of social entertainment in music and drama would be rationalised upon a sound foundation, having due regard to European contact. This research would in fact be European contact at its most constructive, in keeping both with modern African needs and within the range of their purses. It would reinforce the study of languages, create confidence in place of discouragement in African genius, and greatly reinforce the happier side of social segregation which our presence in Africa demands.

My Matabeleland Experiences (1897-1903)

(By P. A. STUART)

It is perhaps understandable that, as a youth 44 years ago, my contact with Rhodesia "in the raw" should have left an indelible impression on me, The change from an English public school (and a short sojourn in Natal, where I was born) was a hefty jump.

It was just that leap in the dark that so often makes a man or sometimes mars him. Life was hard, yes, but always happy and wholesome, despite the somewhat monotonous recurrences of malaria.

But although things were more rough than ready in those days, I feel that I am a debtor to Rhodesia for the experiences which naturally befall any who rub shoulders with the

unfamiliar both in man and nature. More than this. It is the inherent lure of the country itself, rather than the mellowness of time, that makes my memories of it entirely happy ones.

In July, 1897, C.T., my brother, who was on leave in Natal, persuaded me to throw up my job in the Natal Service. He was N.C. at Nungu, in the Malema district, at the time.

"Why not try your luck in Rhodesia?" he said. I always took C.T.'s advice, and, ten days later, we were in the train for the North.

The extension of the railway to Bulawayo, which was being frantically laid, at a mile a day, had at that time only reached Tati (Francistown). Such was the haste to get the line to Bulawayo in time for the formal "opening" that the metals could not be properly ballasted they were merely attached to the sleepers (roughly covered with earth) and placed on the hurriedly levelled bare veld. There were no culverts or bridges. The rivers and streams were negotiated simply by cutting away the banks and placing the metals on the river beds which, at that time of the year, were waterless. This, the latter part of the rail journey, was novel and exciting.

At Tati we boarded a coach drawn by ten mules, and who has not heard of Zeederberg's fine coaches? Normally the coach carried twelve passengers, but this time it took on twenty-two packed inside and eight on top.

As C.T. and I were the last to book we had to fit in where we could, so we wedged ourselves between the mail bags on the roof. A Frenchman, I remember, had found a cosy nook between two large bags, so C.T., to obviate the possibility of being jolted off his precarious perch during the night, took the precaution of fastening a cord to the Frenchman's and his own buttonholes. Thus, if C.T. was bumped off a drop of about ten feet the Frenchman would have to go too! (As I don't speak French I cannot relate the Frenchman's oration when he discovered the ruse.)

After 120 miles we reached 'Bulawayo, dusty, tired and hungry, for we hadn't had a proper meal for two days.

One of the first things that struck me about Bulawayo was the breadth of its dusty streets with pavements (?) lined with young pepper trees. I was amazed, too, at the mushroom growth of so many buildings, mostly of wood and iron. Ninety per cent, of the men (very few women in those days) were in riding kit, coatless, sleeves rolled up and nearly all with the Baden-Powell broadbrimmed hat. Picturesque figures all, and all redolent of a fine camaraderie peculiarly Rhodesian, as I was soon to learn.

For a month or two I stayed with C.T. at Nungu, when, as a result of his good offices and those of the then Chief Native Commissioner, Herbert John (later Sir Herbert) Taylor, I was offered and accepted the post of Assistant Native Commissioner at Gwelo (vice W. L. S. Driver who is here in Durban today).

Gwelo in those days consisted almost entirely of small wood and iron shacks with a population of about 100 Europeans all told. The names of residents that I can recall at that time are: P. O. Smith, Magistrate; Darling, R.M., Clerk; Norris, Commissioner for Mines; Sir Drummond Dunhar, Mines Department; Chawner, O.C., B.S.A.P.; Rev. Walker, Anglican Church; Major Hurrell, Horseshoe Hotel; Muirhead, Areskong, Cumming and Crelin, of Meikle's Store; Longden, Pilkington and Ferguson, Solicitors; Bagnall, Surveyor; Nash and Jordison, Auctioneers; Nimmo and Bridgeman, Outfitters; Finnie, Land Agent; Metcalfe, Postmaster; Reed, Prospector; Toogood, Bank Manager; Dr. Smythe, Medical Officer; Skey, mineral water manufacturer; and McNally, editor, manager, compositor, reporter, office boy and general factotum of "The Gwelo Times."

The only drinking water was from wells. Meat, when obtainable, was 3s. per lb. (throughout the district there were only four head of cattle owned by Natives underpest), no fresh milk or butter, and fresh vegetables rarely procurable.

My duties as A.N.C. were vaguely defined, but as a kick off it was of paramount importance that I should trace and, if possible, arrest some ten or a dozen of the more notorious ringleaders of the '96 Rebellion in that district.

I have never tried to find a needle in a haystack, but my efforts to trace those "wanted" men were, I imagine, somewhat akin to that pastime. However, more by accident than design, I succeeded in laying one of these gentry by the heels, and, as it so happened, he was the most "wanted" of them all.

When this man was brought before me I administered the usual caution, to which he somewhat nonchalantly replied: "I have nothing to conceal, and I will tell all, in fact I want the amakiwa (Europeans) to know exactly what happened." He then proceeded to recount, in minute and graphic detail, how he and his "impi" had surrounded and done to death, on the 26th of March, 1896, two Europeans and their Zulu servant.

"They were driving," he said, "a donkey wagon laden with sacks of mealies to Koboli (about 18 miles N.W. of Gwelo). The Europeans were sitting on the mealie sacks, the Zulu was on foot, driving. We surrounded them and first shot a donkey to stop the wagon. Then we fired a volley at the three men. One European was killed outright and fell off the wagon. Then the Zulu fell. Next we saw we had wounded the other white man, for as he climbed off the wagon his leg was dangling helplessly. He crawled behind one of the back wheels and from there he fired many rounds at and killed some of my men. But we outnumbered him, and when his ammunition was spent we just rushed in and finished him off."

He concluded his graphic description by exclaiming: "Yes, we finished the kiwa off and we were satisfied."

At that my hotblooded youth got the better of me, and (very wrongly) I exclaimed: "That is enough! You will hang for this!" To which he replied, quite calmly and quietly: "Never! No white man will ever hang Gwaibana!" (for that was his name).

In due course he was tried for the murders, convicted and sentenced to death.

But in those days a capital sentence required written confirmation from Cape Town, and this took anything from a fortnight to a month to arrive. In the meantime Gwaibana was incarcerated in the local gaol about fifty yards from my office. Some days later the gaoler told me that Gwaibana was getting markedly thinner and that special diet had been prescribed for him. But it was no good. Gwaibana daily became weaker, and, three days before confirmation of the sentence arrived, the gaoler rushed into my office "Gwaibana is dead.?" "No!" I exclaimed. "Yes, come and see him."

I went, and there I saw Gwaibana, very still and cold in his cell but with a broad grin on his face!

I learnt subsequently that he had petered out as a result of slow poisoning. He had, through one of the other prisoners, got hold of some indigenous herb which, when swallowed, causes emaciation and finally death. This was surmise, but, surmise or not, Gwaibana's boast that no kiwa would ever hang him was well founded.

One morning early I was working at my office when a man burst unceremoniously in: "Brandy! quick brandy!"

"What's the matter?" I asked anxiously.

"Brandy! Brandy!"

I ran out and got the liquor, which he gulped down.

"Come, tell me," I asked again, "what has happened?"

"I've just shot four lions two miles from here, and this is the first time I have ever even seen a lion!"

Such was the feat the incredible bag of four lions before breakfast, accomplished by "Masher" White, transport rider on the main road from Gwelo to Bulawayo.

Lions were very much "de rigeur" in the Gwelo district in those days. I myself came across their spoor more than once on the Gwelo cricket ground.

I was a keen collector of wild game trophies, and had made it known to the Natives that I would buy any horns or skins they might wish to sell.

One day two men came in and, on asking their business, they said they had brought me a lion skin as a present. Surprised at this unexpected generosity, I asked to see it. They undid a bundle and laid out on the floor the most dilapidated skin of "felis leo" I have ever seen. It was a mass of mbembe (battleaxe) holes. Their story was this:

Two nights before, with the moon at the full, all members of the kraal were in their huts getting ready for bed. As it was hot, all doors had been left open. Suddenly a piercing cry rent the night. "I am dying! A lion has got me. Help! Help!"

In a twinkling every man darted out with his battle axe, and there, in the bright moonlight, they saw a fullgrown lion mangling one of the old men. Like a flash a young fellow leapt at the beast and gripped it firmly by the root of the tail. "Quick, quick!" he shouted, "kill it while I hold it!" And kill it they did. The multipunctured skin was eloquent evidence of their valour and of that of the young man. From this incident I gathered that it is customary (or was) in that part of the country to make the old folks sleep nearest the door as a safeguard (?) against such eventualities as this!

It was in 1898, I think, that I relieved C. L. Carbutt (A.N.C. at Nyati, 45 miles N. of Bulawayo).

A few miles from the camp there was a trader who sported a tame guinea fowl. That it was tame was remarkable enough. But, when the owner told me that if he wanted a guineafowl for the pot he would take the tame guineafowl out with him as a decoy to call the wild birds to his gunwell, when he told me that, I just didn't believe him and said so. But seeing is believing. He whistled for the tame and trained bird and instantly it trotted up in proper guineafowl fashion.

Picking up his shotgun the trader asked me to accompany him. As we struck a kaffir path the guineafowl took the lead, trotted in front and presently began calling as only a guineafowl can. But although we had no luck, I apologised to the trader for doubting him. I believed then, and still believe, that he used that foul method of luring innocent, if wild, guineafowl within range of his gun and pot.

It was at Nyati one morning that a B.S.A. Policeman galloped into my camp. He quickly explained his haste: A trooper (a man called Preston, I remember) had just shot himself by accident through the upper part of his leg. Would I please hurry down to the camp and advise them what to do? I jumped on my horse and together we galloped to the camp two miles off.

There I found poor Preston, white as a sheet, lying on a canvas stretcher, bleeding profusely, with half a dozen men standing round helpless. But what could I do? I knew nothing of first aid, the nearest doctor was 45 miles away at Bulawayo, and the nearest telephone (at Fincham's farm) was six miles off? But instant action was imperative.

I sent a man post haste to Fincham's to phone for a doctor. Preston couldn't be moved, his agony was too great, so snatching a razor I climbed under the stretcher and cut away the canvas opposite the wound. Through the opening I covered the bullet hole with a cloth pad, then bound the whole wound tightly with many yards of bandages. Then we put him on a spring stretcher which we tied on to a donkey wagon, the only transport available, and sent it off at donkey pace to Bulawayo. That crude ambulance had travelled 25 miles

before it met the doctor. But it was too late Preston had died. A tragedy, yes. But Rhodesians faced these things then, as they do today, like men.

On one occasion, while on patrol in the Gwelo district, I arrived at a kraal to find a man skinning a leopard. I quickly offsaddled, not only because I scented a story behind the killing of the cat, but because the man skinning it had had the whole of his upper lip torn away. I thought, at first, that the leopard had been responsible for this, but I soon saw that the grinning scar was an old one.

"How did you come to kill the leopard?" I asked him. He pointed to a hut one of those contraptions that one occasionally sees built on solid rock in Rhodesia.

'Well, I' said, "this leopard chased my wife into that hut and

the swung closed, caging my wife and the leopard in there

together. I heard her screams, and through that opening you can see (an air vent in the wall about six inches square) I killed the leopard with my assegai."

"And your wife?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, she was badly mauled, but she will recover. But this leopard he won't hurt her again," he concluded, his grinning teeth belying the anger in his eyes.

"And your own misfortune?" I enquired, my eyes sympathetically on where his upper lip should have been.

"Oh, you mean this!" he was still grinning. "This is nothing. Twenty years ago I stole a goat, and my chief made me pay for it with my lip. He had it cut off as you see, and I have been laughing ever since."

The Native Commissioner under whom I once served at Gwelo was the late F. G. Elliott a lovable man and as good a shot with the rifle as he was a comrade.

He was on patrol one day near the Somabula Forest. It was hot and sultry. Suddenly he saw, about three hundred yards away, a single zebra standing listlessly under a tree. Elliott jumped off his horse and took his unerring bead on the animal. He fired and, to his amazement, the zebra simply vanished. It didn't gallop off or fall, or do anything orthodox. It just disappeared. F.G. stood openmouthed, gazing at nothing! Then he jumped on his horse and galloped to where the zebra had been. The riddle was at once solved. It had been standing beside an old working hole some ten feet in diameter and six feet deep not visible from where Elliott had fired. Instantly killed by the bullet, it had toppled over into the hole. Elliott called up his boys, and in a few minutes they pulled the carcass out. But there was another mystery no bullet, wound could be found! Elliott and the boys were dumbfounded. But when they came to skin the animal they found the answer to the conundrum. It was this: As the zebra had been standing then' he

occasionally swished the flies off his back with his tail. At the psychological moment of one such swish Elliott had fired, and the bullet struck the beast immediately under the tail and embedded itself in the spine.

Elliott himself told me this story. I often played with his children on that skin the skin of a zebra killed with a bullet shot but with no bullet hole in it, though he could proudly show the bullet itself which had done the trick!

Leo Robinson, A.N.C., Mzingwane, was a contemporary of mine. One seldom saw him without a shot gun. But, as I have reason to remember, the weapon could be fired only from a single barrel the trigger of the other was missing.

Robinson, with his shot gun as usual, attended Rhodes' funeral.

After the ceremony some 20 head of cattle had to be slaughtered to feed the thousands of Natives present. But no one had been assigned to do the killing, so Robinson stepped into the breach with his

singlebarrelled shot gun. (In parenthesis my advice to all wouldbe slayers of the bovine species is not to embark on the process with singlebarrelled shot guns or even treblebarrelled ones. The animals don't like it nor do the onlookers.)

At the first shot the bullock shook his head in dissent. At the second he put his head down and charged! I won't attempt to describe the commotion that bullock created. It is sufficient to say that what followed was striking corroboration of the Darwinian theory, for no apes could have shinned up trees more nimbly than we did! Then a B.S.A.P. man came along and settled the bout in twenty rounds.

Talking of Rhodes reminds me of a story of the Founder told me by my brother, C.T.

Rhodes periodically visited his Matopo farms accompanied by a party of men as guests. As Native Commissioner of that district C.T. was once invited by Rhodes to a dinner at the Huts. During the repast the question of supplying liquor to Natives cropped up, and Rhodes, turning to his Secretary (it was Grimmer, I think), said:

"I say, Grimmer, what would you do to me if I gave my boy a tot of gin?"

His secretary wouldn't have done anything, and said so. Rhodes then turned to C.T. "And you, Stuart, what would you, as Magistrate, do to me if I gave my boy a drink of liquor?"

"The fine is £400, Mr. Rhodes," C.T. replied. Oh, so you'd fine me £400, would you?"

"That is the penalty, Mr. Rhodes."

The subject dropped. Next day there was a big indaba between Rhodes and the Natives of the district, and C.T. was there in his official capacity and did the interpreting. Half way

through the "powwow" an elderly Native hobbled up and, seating himself opposite Rhodes, cupped his hands over his eyes the better to gaze on the great man.

"Who is that?" asked Rhodes.

"His name is Faku," C.T. answered.

"Where does he live?"

"Over that hill, six miles away."

"What has he come here for?"

After enquiring, C.T. replied: "He says he has come to see you."

"And how has he travelled here?"

"On foot."

"On foot? How old is he, Stuart?"

"About eighty."

"What, do you mean to tell me that that old man of eighty has walked six milesto see me?"

"That's what he says."

Rhodes swung round to his manager. "Here, get me a tumbler of gin."

The manager brought it and handed it to Rhodes.

"Now, Stuart, if it is going to cost me £400, Mr. Faku is going to have this glass of gin," and he stepped forward to Faku, handed him the liquor and made him drink it.

In 1899 I was stationed at Manzamnyama, in the Gwanda district, vice P. Nielsen, transferred.

About 9 p.m. one night I returned from a trip to find installed and asleep in my bed the Chief Native Commissioner. He shortly explained the object of his visit. I was to recruit 30 Native scouts at once, arm them each with a Martini and 50 rounds, plus rations, etc., and report with the least possible delay to Captain (I think his name was McLaren), the officer in command at Macloutsie. From him or Colonel (later Field Marshal) Plumer I would get full instructions as to what I was to do. The Boer War had then been in progress about three weeks.

In three days I was off. The first day out before I had left the main road to strike across country I was overtaken by a mule wagon conveying Captain Tyler and Lieutenants Ffrench and Bunt (all from overseas) to Fort Tuli. They pulled up and we had a chat.

All three officers were bored stiff, they said, at having been drafted to Plumer's Column. "We'll never see a Boer in this Godforsaken country. We came out to fight, not to meander around off the map. The war will be over in no time and we won't even hear a shot fired," and so on. Their talk was depressing.

Within three or four months two of them had been killed in action. Tyler, I think, was with Spreckley's Column. A pompom shell decapitated him his headless body standing erect for a moment, then crashed to the ground so an eyewitness told me.

As for Ffrench, this is the story told me by H. Greer, then a clerk in the N.A.D. incidentally, I may mention, Greer related the whole story in Zulu. It was wonderfully and dramatically rendered by a splendid Zulu linguist, and it gained, rather than lost, by its rendition through that medium:

Greer joined up, and one of his officers was this Lieutenant Ffrench. The Boers were entrenched on a kopje and barred the Rhodesian Regiment's (?) advance Southwards towards Mafeking. The order was given that the kopje must be attacked at dawn next day. The attack was made, Ffrench in the van. At the first glimpse of dawn the troops surrounded the fort and crept noiselessly up. Near the top they were stopped by wire entanglements. Ffrench jumped forward with wire clippers and began cutting his way through. There was not a sound, but the snipping of the clippers. Then, suddenly, a murderous volley cracked out from the Boers. Many of our men fell. But Ffrench, as yet unscathed, went doggedly on with his job. A moment later the Boers spotted him and their next volley concentrated on him. The gallant officer fell a riddled corpse.

The Rhodesian force retired, and later a truce to bury the dead was agreed upon. When they reached Ffrench's body they found a rough cross erected beside it on which had been inscribed this epitaph: "Here fell the bravest man in the British Army."

After three days at Macloutsie, Plumer sent a message ordering me to report at Tuli with my scouts as soon as possible. Within 24 hours my 30 scouts, each laden with 40 lbs. of rations, rifle and ammunition, had covered the 60 miles to Tuli. It was a fine feat, and Colonel Plumer was as amazed at it as I was. My instructions were to scout the main road from Boer Pont to Pietersburg (120 miles). I covered half that distance into the Transvaal without any spectacular results. But it was interesting and, at times, exciting, for instance, when a Boer patrol passed my camp in the hush within 50 yards and never saw it! Another interesting occasion was when I captured two Native spies, armed with "Z.A.R." rifles. By threatening to shoot them I made them give me much valuable information, which I passed on to the O.C. and which subsequently proved to be correct in every detail. I also captured some cattle and mules, and did other sundry jobs of that sort. Nothing much to talk about, I know, but still, taken as a whole, it was an

"experience," and one more to my liking than the "Ihavethehonourtobe" humdrum life of an office.

On my return to the more servile civil life I was stationed at Fort Usher, then under the guiding hand of Hugh Marrason Gower Jackson, a name as long as he was tall. The Natives called him "Matshayisikova" (also pretty lengthy), which, as every linguist knows, means "The Smiter of Owls." H.M.G.'s interpretation of the appellation was "Do good by stealth" (in the dark like an owl).

While at Fort Usher, I was one day having a chat with the SergeantMajor of the Police at the camp when two troopers, escorting a Native prisoner, passed in front of us.

"Do you know who that prisoner is?" the S.M. asked me. "No, who is it?" "Why, that's Kumalo, you must have heard of himthe notorious Kumalo, you know." "For what was he famous?" "It's a long story, but, briefly, here it is: Kumalo is a Zulu, but in the Rebellion he sided with the rebels. He had influence with the Natives and we looked upon him more or less as a traitor, and there was a big price on his head. We tried for months to run him to earth, but he was too smart. Then at dusk one evening a couple of men caught him and brought him into camp. I rushed to the orderly room, saluted the O.C. and stood to attention.

"What is it, SergeantMajor?" the O.C. asked. "We have caught Kumalo, sir." "No! Are you sure?" "He is under arrest outside, sir." The O.C. was about to reply, but suddenly checked himself and instead drummed nervously with his pen on the table. Then he looked up at me. "SergeantMajor." "Yes, sir." "I don't want to see Kumaloyou understand?" "Erer," I hesitated, not understanding. "I don't want to see Kumaloever again, SergeantMajorneveragain," then with greater emphasis he repeated 'Never again, is that clear?' "I stood, still openmouthed. "Take him away, SergeantMajor, don't you understand? I don't want to see Kumaloeveragain!" he shouted at me.

"Then I tumbled to it Kumalo's was a case for the firing squad and It was my job to see the business through, and so, saluting, I went out.

"The sun had gone downit was getting dark. In a jiffy I had four troopers before me with their rifles, two on either side of Kumalo, and I marched them out along a path into the veld. In ten minutes we had gone far enough and you could hardly see in the gloom. 'Halt!' I ordered. Then moving Kumalo half a dozen paces forward, I returned to the men and gave the command 'Fire!' Kumalo fell, face downwards, and lay motionless. 'Right about turn quick march,' I commanded.

"Arrived back at camp I rushed breathlessly to the orderly room and, in panting jerks, blurted: 'Prisoner Kumalo tried to escape, sirwe shot himdead.'

"What!" he said with wellsimulated horror, then quicklyfar too quickly recovering himself: 'All right, SergeantMajordismiss.'

As the Sergeant Major finished his story, I said: "But I don't understand. You told me just now that the man who passed before us a few minutes ago was Kumalo himself, alive and kicking?"

"Quite so. But come along with me now and have a look at him. I'll explain."

Kumalo grinned as we came up and continued to smile as we examined the four bullet wounds, one of which had grazed his head and the others in nonvital spots the sum total of the firing squad's effort four years before.

Stunned, and grievously hurt, Kumalo had nonetheless been able to crawl away in the dark to safety. Although arrested four years later, he was eventually liberated, and, for all I know, may still be in the land of the living.

It was in the Nyati district that I bumped into a man called Carruthers, a transport rider. Over a tin of bully beef we swapped yarns. Somehow the conversation veered to athletics. I rather fancied myself as a runner in those days, and, youthlike, it was not long before I had regaled Carruthers with my performances on the track. When I had finished, he knocked out his pipe, slowly refilled it, lit up, and, after a couple of puffs, said:

"Yes, running on a well prepared and level track is good fun. You have the crowd's plaudits to spur you on, then there's the prize and, above all, there is the satisfaction of something achieved if you are the first to breast the tape." He paused, took a couple more puffs, then went on: "But look here, the finest athletic competition of all is to run for your life not on a track, but up and down the boulder-strewn hills of Matabeleland not for half a mile or so but for ten miles and more, with a dozen assegais behind you to keep you up to record time, and"

"Half a mo," I interrupted. "What are you talking about?"

"At midday on the 26th of March, 1896, I was prospecting some 25 miles from Bulawayo. Suddenly there appeared on a ridge three or four hundred yards away a party of about a dozen Matabele. As they were armed, and as there had been vague rumours recently of a Native rising, I didn't like the look of things not a little bit. So, without making too much of a fuss, I started to move off. They shouted at me: 'Don't go away, white man; we want to speak to you.' I stopped and shouted back (in their own language, for I speak it well): 'Tell me from where you are, what it is you want.'

They replied: 'No, you wait there. It is only a small matter of which we wish to speak.' That was enough more than enough for me. I turned and ran. I was carrying a rifle and ammunition, and, of course, I had boots on. But Iran. I realised at once that if I was to get through alive it was no sprinting match from there to Bulawayo. So I settled down to a steady, brisk trot. With a yell the savages were after me. At first their shouts came nearer and nearer, but I quickened my pace, and I don't think they ever got within two hundred yards of me. My rifle and ammunition were getting very heavy. I flung them away. Then, as I ran, I threw off my coat. Thank my stars I was in good fettle! But running in boots is

a big handicap. But I kept on, with those devils shouting tauntingly at me. After about six miles their shouting ceased. I looked back, and, to my relief, I saw that they had stopped. There were only three of them now, so I stopped too, sat down on a stone and pantingly watched them. That short rest was a godsend! I could hear them talking, but couldn't distinguish the words until presently one of them shouted to me: 'Balekagundwana!' ('Run away you rat!'). But, rat or no rat, I had outdistanced them and I took the taunt as a compliment. They turned slowly and retraced their steps. I continued on my way, and, after a couple of hours, I jogged, somewhat wearily, into Bulawayo and here I am today!"

To me this epic race for life by Carruthers was on a par with the original Marathon. All Natives are good longdistance runners, but Carruthers, handicapped by boots, eclipsed them all that day.

While stationed at Gwelo, I went several times to Bulawayo by coach. The journey usually occupied about 24 hours in dry weather. Except for changing mules (each team a set of ten fine animals) every six or eight miles, it was a nonstop run.

I always enjoyed these trips. They were very dusty and tiring, naturally, but somehow the dust didn't taste or smell the same as that of more Southern Africa, and the fatigue one felt though trying enough was quite different from that of all night in the train for instance, or a gruelling day in the saddle. There was a peculiar tang about these discomforts that made them easier to bear. Altogether the journeys made an impact on one's senses, including sight and sound, that was pleasant and interesting. Yet the roads were execrable simply wagon tracks on the bare and sandy veld.

On one of these trips I was one of 16 passengers to board the coach at Bulawayo. We left, I remember, at 6 p.m. About ten o'clock we pulled up at a wayside store another change of mules. Refreshments were obtainable at most of these stops, and very acceptable they were too!

We all trooped into the "buffet" a single, wattle and daub room, with bare mud walls, unceilinged and with thatch roof. A counter of rough packing cases ran across one end. Lighted candles, stuck into empty bottles, flickered gloomily, giving a somewhat sanctimonious background to the scene.

Everybody ordered coffee, and, as I was drinking mine, one of the passengers walked up to me and, with his cup, pointed to the old school cap I was wearing.

"Excuse me, were you ever at school at Hurst?" "Yes," I replied. "Why?" "Because I went there myself! Shake!"

Our hands instantly gripped, but before we could say anything another man standing a yard away watching us exclaimed: "By Jove! so did I!"

And thus it transpired that the three of us, all total strangers, had been educated at the same Public School in far away England and had met there, on that outlandish spot, for

the first time and under those circumstances. There was something of the uncanny about the coincidence! The man who first addressed me was Mitchell (I think his initials are C. F.), then in the B.S.A. Police, while the other was Holland, the then Mayor of Bulawayo.

Towards the end of 1901 I left for Natal to get married. The Boer War was still on and trains were allowed to travel only by daylight. The journey to East London occupied 13 days.

When I arrived there I had exactly 2/6 in my pocket for the rest of my ready cash had gone in "penny nap" (and pound foolish) with which we had beguiled the hours of that tedious journey. I hailed a cab, and for driving me to Deal's Hotel the cabby charged me my last halfcrown.

I booked a room, had a wash and brush tip, then sat and I pondered the position. My boat for Natal was to leave next day, but I hadn't the wherewithal to book my passage, and I had never been in East London before.

I took a beeline for the Standard Bank and asked to see the manager. I told him the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and wound up by asking him to advance me 10 pounds. My self confessed gambling propensities would not, I knew, prove an open sesame to the bank's coffers. But, I argued, I had ample funds in the Bulawayo Branch, and surely it would be a simple matter for East London to wire to Bulawayo to get confirmation of my affluence and so pave the way for the advance of that very much wanted £10?

"That's no good," the manager said. "How can I tell that you are not impersonating the man you say you are?"

That was a poser. But, undeterred, I replied: "Anyhow, it is highly necessary that I should be present at my wedding; the boat leaves tomorrow, and I simply must have that £10."

He surveyed me for a moment, then asked: "Have you your cheque book with you?"

"Yes, I've got it here." But it wasn't in my pocket. "I must have left it at the hotel. I'll run and get it." Back at the hotel I searched my suit case, but no cheque book! I went back to the bank and again told the truth.

This time I got a more piercing look from the manager. Then suddenly he demanded: "Let me see your handkerchief." I gave it to him, and he searched for my name on it but it was nameless.

"Do you know anybody in East London who can identify you?" he asked.

I thought furiously for a second, then triumphantly: "Yes, I know a Mr. H. Tilney who lives here. He is a brother of W. A. Tilney, who is a Native Commissioner with me in Rhodesia."

"I knew Mr. H. Tilney, too," he replied. "But unfortunately he died here in East London quite recently."

My luck seemed to be clean out. I stood there speechless. But after sizing me up once again the manager pressed the bell on his table and a clerk entered. "Give this gentleman £10." And a minute later the clerk counted into my palm the most golden sovereigns I had ever seen.

I quote this experience because bank managers, in these more sophisticated days, are not so kindly disposed towards penniless gamblers.

But however that may be, I have always thought that that bank manager's kindly consideration was largely, if not entirely, due to Rhodesia's Hall Mark on my otherwise unprepossessing physiognomy. Good old Rhodesia!

In 1902 my first childa sonwas born, in Bulawayo. Four months later he died. He lies buried in a Bulawayo graveyard, and so, although his passing was largely responsible for my leaving Rhodesia, I derive some consolation from the knowledge that a part of me is in Rhodesia still, and, with this extra tie to urge me, I cannot more fittingly conclude these ramblings than with the prayer FLOREAT RHODESIA.

The Crucifixion

Oh! Mighty God. 0 Mighty God, Who hast the strength of many waters, The strength of thunder and of storm. Oh! Thou art the Mighty OneThou art eternally.

Oh! How you pitied us poor miserable sinners, To send Thine only Son Jesus, poor Jesus, To die for our sinsour miserable sins. Oh! Thou art the Mighty OneThou art eternally.

There! I see these cruel men. Yes! cruel men, Leading our suffering Jesus; Oh! our painfull Jesus; And even on His Head was crown of thorns. Oh! Thou art the Mighty OneThou art eternally.

Helpless Mary! Oh! how helpless is Mary, Weeping at poor Jesus' feet; Her clean tears fall upon the sinful ground. Oh! Oh! how sinful. How sinful. Oh! Father! Father! Thou art eternally.

You can see! Yes! He is carrying our sins On that Mount of Calvary. See! Oh! He is crucified between two robbers. Father! Thou art eternally.

And as Jesus looks down and sees Oh! Yes! He sees His Mother Mary and his loving John, He says, "Mother, behold thy Son." "Son behold thy Mother." Oh! Father! Thou art eternally.

Our Lord looking into the heavens, As He hangs upon the mighty Cross, Says with a loud, loud voice "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?" His Head, Yes! Jesus' Head drooped And Jesus died.

So through all the length of days He died a willing death.

Truly! Truly! Father in Heaven Thou are eternally The Alpha and Omega.

- JEREMIAH MOKOENA

Some Sketches



NDHILAZO. A Fingo resident in the Quo Quo district.



MIYAMBE.

Mlozwi tribe. Born at Shangani River in the Somabula Area of Gwelo. After the occupation, Miyambe became a Native Messenger under an N.C. known as "Uvuta" (from Sindebole "ukuvuta": to fan a fire) the European name of this N.C. is not known here, but possibly the old N.C.'s will know who the Natives named "Uvuta." Miyambe also served under "Luveve" (from Sindebele "uvevane": butterfly). This is the Native name given to Col. Carbutt. Miyambe is now retired and is living a tribal life amongst his people in the Que Que district. Has one son, now a Native Messenger at Que Que.

Sketch by Doreen M. Gilette



Tagwureyi

(Headman), son of Chief Suwundula of the Gwelo Que Que district. Many years ago Suwundula, who is of the Mvera tribe, moved his kraal from the Charter district to the Gwelo district. In so doing he came in contact with the Matabele and borrowed a custom from them, namely, the wearing of the ostrich feather headdress (Sindebele "Indhlugula").

Sketch by Doreen M. Gilette

The BaLemba of Southern Rhodesia

(By Louis C. THOMPSON)

The BaLemba is a native tribe, the members of which are scattered throughout Southern Rhodesia and the Northern Transvaal, living in small villages amongst various Bantu tribes. The tribe is divided into clans, bearing Arabic names, as Hasani, Hamisi, Sayyidi, and Sherifi. The headquarters of the tribe is in the Belingwe district of Southern Rhodesia, west of Zimbabwe, where their chief, M'Posi (a dynastic title), lives. They speak the Chicaranga language. The members of the tribe have Semitic features, and practise Semitic rite and observances.

In the olden days, the men were miners, metalworkers, weavers, and traders; the women were potters. Although the headquarters of the tribe has been in the Belingwe district for a very long time, they have always been a roving people, and formerly were to be found where their old mineworkings are still to be seen, living under the protection of chiefs of other tribes, to whom they pay tribute.

In 1837 the Zulu M'Zilikazi, founder of the Amandebeli nation, having wiped out all the Sesutospeaking tribes of the present Western Transvaal, and of the adjoining country of Bechuanaland, moved North to settle in the country of the Makalaka, now known as Matabeleland. His impis then proceeded to slaughter all the tribes living in what is today Southern Rhodesia, the BaLemba sharing the fate of the other tribes. Many of the survivors crossed the Limpopo River, to take refuge amongst their coppermining brethren, who were living under the protection of the Bavenda chief.



PostZimbabwe type of wall decorated with herringbone pattern. Belingwe, Southern Rhodesia

In 1898, when General Joubert drove the Bavenda chief Mpefu across the Limpopo River, the majority of the BaLemba went with Mpefu, and settled in their former territory in the Belingwe district. Their present chief, M'Posi, was born in the Northern Transvaal.

BALEMBA NEW YEAR

The New Year begins when the new moon is first seen at the end of the month of November. Only the old men in the kraal are allowed to look at the new moon of their New Year; the other members of the kraal must first see the reflection of the new moon in bowls of water which are placed on the ground by the old men.

HIGH PRIESTS

Amongst the BaLemba is a class of hereditary high priests. Owing to the superior intelligence of the BaLemba, some of the chiefs of other tribes had a MuLemba priest attached to them, and today this practice is still continued. He is a very important person, whose kraal is next to that of the chief, to whom he is adviser, doctor, priest, rainmaker and diviner; he is also president of the circumcision lodge of the tribe. The BaLemba priests were responsible for the introduction of the rite of circumcision and other Semitic rites into the ritual of the tribe with whom they dwelt.

SACRED GROVES

Certain groves in which the priests make offerings to the Supreme Being are looked upon by the tribe as being sacred. The tribe has no totem.

THE NEW KRAAL

Before a new kraal is occupied, the MuLemba priest sacrifices a sheep, the blood of which he sprinkles on one of the upright posts and one of the rafters of each hut; the remaining blood he sprinkles on the ground of the kraal, after which a feast is made when the carcase of the animal is consumed by the members of the kraal.

The members of the tribe are not allowed to eat liii' flesh or the pig, nor of the hippopotamus, nor that of any animal found dead. All animals to be eaten must have their throats cut in Semitic fashion. If a priest lives in the kraal, he does the slaughtering, otherwise a man is appointed for this duty. They will not eat with members of another tribe, nor will they use a pot belonging to a member of another tribe for cooking purposes. Alcohol is consumed in the form of kaflirbeer.

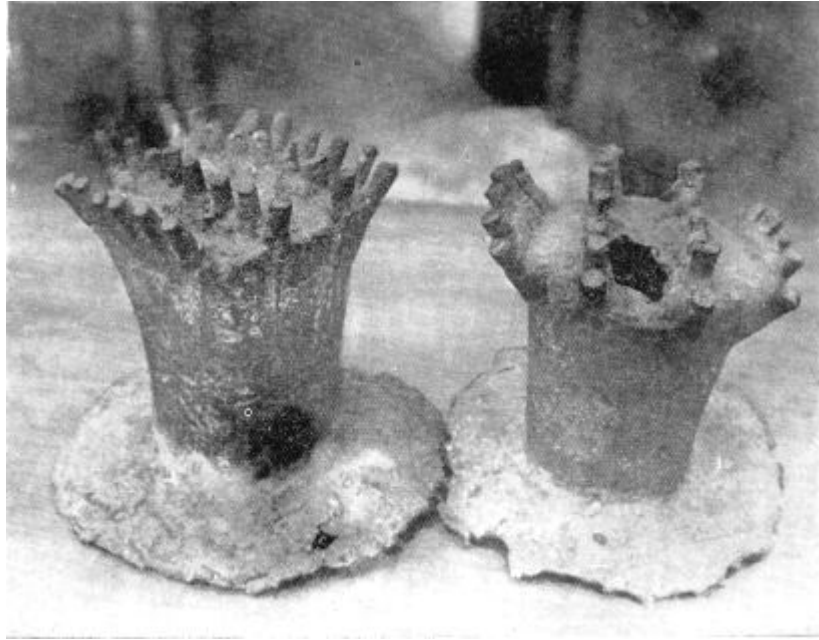
THE NEW GRANARY

A new granary, before use, must be consecrated by a priest, who sacrifices a white fowl, the blood of which he sprinkles on the floor and inside walls.

BIRTH

When a child is born, the father is not permitted to see it until the umbilical cord is separated. Three days after the separation of the cord, the head of the baby is shaved, and small incisions made on the scalp and face, into which medicine is rubbed. The mother undergoes a course of purification by the priest. The boys attend the circumcision lodge, which is held every few years, at the ages of fourteen to sixteen.

When a girl reaches maturity, a conical object made of wood, covered with red clay, bearing at the apex a tassel of wild cotton dyed red, is borrowed from the chief. For three days she has to sit in a river with this object attached to her girdle at the base of the spine.



MARRIAGE

The BaLemba are very particular with regard to their women. No woman is allowed to marry a man of another tribe. Should a MuLemba woman elope with a man from another tribe (a very rare occurrence), she is brought back to her home and purified. Should childbirth result from the elopement, the baby is killed. Men are allowed to take wives from other tribes, in which case the brideelect has to undergo a course of purification by the priest. The process of purification is as follows: The hairs of the head, pubis and axillae, having been shaved, the girl lies on the bank of the river and is covered by the priest with dry sticks. It is the duty of the girl to collect the wood for the fire which he sets alight. When she feels the heat of the fire, she jumps into the river. After purification she is admitted to membership of the tribe. She is not allowed to take any of her belongings to her new home. A man may take as many wives as he can afford to pay for.

DEATH

When a MuLemba man dies, shortly after death an incision is made in the jugular vein. The body is wrapped in an oxskin, with the lower limbs and the left arm extended, the right forearm flexed, the face resting on the palm of the right hand. The body is laid in the grave* on its right side, facing North. Only the hoes of the deceased are placed in the grave. His assegais and his axe are left in the hut for the eldest son of the principal wife, who is sole heir to all his late father's belongings. The hut is not deserted; after being purified by the priest it is reoccupied. When a woman dies, the corpse is wrapped in a blanket. Half her beads are distributed among her relations; the other half are put in a small bowl which is placed in the grave above the head. All the pots of the deceased are placed on the grave. The relatives of the deceased shave their heads and mourn for seven days, during which period they are not allowed to perform work of any description. In the case of the death of a man, a feast is held on the seventh day, when it is believed that the

spirit departed at death returns to the body. Prior to the introduction of Christianity the BaLemba alone in Southern Africa buried their dead in an extended position. All the remaining tribes buried their dead in a sitting position.

* The grave must not be deeper than the armpits of the gravediggers. They seem to attach great importance to this. When the grave is dug, a recess is excavated in the side of the grave. In this recess the body is placed, doubtless to prevent pressure on the body. L.C.T.



The Semitic Features of Mu-Lemba

INDUSTRIES

Potters-Formerly the BaLemba women made all the pots for the tribes with whom they dwelt.

Weavers-The men, up to forty years ago, wove a fine cloth from a species of wild cotton (*Gossypium transvaalens*), also a coarse cloth from the bark of the Baobab tree (*Adansonia digitata*).

Traders-Formerly all the trade in the portion of the country where they lived was in the hands of the BaLemba. It was to them that the agents of the East Coast merchants came, with brass, cloth goods and glass beads, to trade for ivory, gold, copper, tin, skins and ostrich feathers.

Mining-The so-called ancient mine workings of the ancestors of the present BaLemba can be seen scattered over a large area of Southern Africa. Their method of mining was to sink a vertical or inclined shaft. In the evening a wood fire was made against the face of the metal-bearing rock; in the morning water was poured on the heated rock, which cracked it. With a dolerite stone hammer and an iron gad, the ore was extracted. When

they struck water the shaftsinking stopped, as they had no means of dealing with the water. They mined to a maximum depth of 120 feet. The Bavenda and Basuto quarried copper and iron ore in open workings.

Gold-Goldmining was formerly a BaLemba monopoly. The goldbearing quartz was crushed to a fine powder by means of a dolerite pestle in holes in the granite. The goldbearing sand was washed in a wooden dish, by which method the gold was separated. The gold was made into ornaments. Gold beads were made by two methods: (1) by casting in a mould; (2) by bending a piece of wire.

Gold wire, having been drawn, was wound round a core of fibre or the hairs from the tail of an animal, to form bracelets, anklets, etc.

Gold was beaten into thin plates, which were tacked to wooden objects with minute gold tacks.

CopperBy the numbers of old workings and smelting sites near the Limpopo River, this must have been a flourishing industry. According to Bavenda tradition, when this tribe crossed the Limpopo River (about two hundred years ago), the BaLemba were then mining the copperlodes.

The Bavenda say that the BaLemba taught them how to mine and smelt copper, that they were very secretive people, and it was a long time before the BaLemba would part with their knowledge of smelting.

The BaLemba say that their ancestors were the first people to mine copper near the Limpopo River, and that they taught the other tribes how to mine and smelt copper.

Smelting.The copper ore was placed with charcoal in a clay furnace. Three bellows made of goat skins were used to produce the blast. Towards the end of the smelting process green blocks of a certain species of tree were placed in the furnace, according to an old native miner, for the purpose of bringing the Copper together. (Today in the Messina Mine Smelter, eucalyptus poles are placed in the furnace to reduce the copper oxide to copper.) After the copper had been removed from the furnace it was melted in a thick clay pot. The copper was then cast into ingots in moulds of damp sand. There were two types of ingots: (1) commercial; (2) ceremonial.

The commercial ingot was made in three castings; they vary in shape: the smaller ones are cylindrical, and the larger ones rectangular. On top of the ingot are rows of studs, which indicated the amount of copper in the ingot. Each stud represents approximately a quarter of a pound of copper. One stud represented the value of an iron hoe. Two hoes equalled one goat, and ten goats equalled one cow. A small ingot, without the base, which is missing, with thirteen studs, weighs 3 lbs. 1 oz. The largest ingot was so heavy that it required the strength of two men to carry it.

The ceremonial ingot was made in two castings. The head was cast first; a piece of damp clay was then placed in the mould, leaving sufficient space for the thin body to be cast. The base was formed by the overflow. The purpose for which these ingots were made has not been divulged. Two graves have been found near the South bank of the Limpopo River decorated with this type of ingot.

WiredrawingThe BaLemba drew gold and copper wire. The implements used for the latter were: (1) An iron plate pierced with holes of different sizes; (2) a pair of pincers nine inches long, composed of two pieces of iron, with an iron ring as a clamp.

A reed four feet long was placed in wet sand to form the mould into which the molten copper was poured. The resultant rod, having been tapered at one end, was heated and then passed through the largest hole in the plate and through a hole bored in a tree. The pincers were then attached. Two men did the drawing. When the



Zimbabwe type of wall decorated with Chevron pattern. Belingwe, Southern Rhodesia.

wire had been drawn through the largest hole, it was then drawn through the hole of the next size, and so on until the desired gauge was attained. This method was taught to the Bavenda.

STONEMASONRY

For hundreds of years the style of architecture of the ancestors of the BaLemba never changed.

The work of the stonemasons shows three distinct periods:

(1) Zimbabwe period Stone forts built on hilltops, consisting of massive walls built entirely of stone; faces of walls built with trimmed stones. These walls were built during the Monomotapa regime. (2) Post Zimbabwe period. Walls forming small enclosures, used as smelting sites, built on hillocks; faces of walls built with trimmed stone; interior of the walls packed with rubble. These walls were built in the 17th and 18th centuries. (3) M'Zilikazi period Stone forts built on hilltops, also walls forming enclosures, used as

smelting sites; faces of walls built with untrimmed stones; interiors of walls packed with rubble. These walls were built in the second quarter of the 19th century.

The evidence of the dating of these ruins is obtained from glass beads found in the ruins.

In no period was mortar used.

THE END OF THE MONOMOTAPA

In the year 1589 a tribe of Gallas called Muzimbas, from Southern Abyssinia, raided South as far as the country of the Monomotapa, where some of them settled, forming the BaRoswi tribe.

In 1693 the BaRoswi chief Chengamira rebelled against his overlord, the Monomotapa, whom he drove out of Zimbabwe; at the same time he drove the Portuguese out of Sena and Tote. The BaRoswi chief took the title of Mambo, and the members of the tribe occupied all the big forts of the Monomotapa until the year 1836, when they were driven out by a combined ZuluSwazi force. The signs of the BaRoswi occupation can be seen in all the big ruins of Southern Rhodesia. It was the custom, when a hut became too dilapidated, to knock it down and burn it; then it was covered with earth, on top of which another hut was built. This method can be seen in the Western enclosure of the Zimbabwe acropolis, where eight hut floors are superimposed one above the other. The Bavenda of Southern Rhodesia and of the Northern Transvaal are the descendants of these people.

END OF THE MINING INDUSTRY

Gold (Ndarama). When M'Zilikazi invaded the country known today as Southern Rhodesia, he put an end to the goldmining industry. It was carried on in Manicaland until a later date the early sixties of the last century when M'Zila, the Amatshangana chief, put an end to it by wiping out all the gold miners, their wives and families. It was carried on by the BaLemba in the Northern Transvaal up to the middle of the last century.



Ba-Lemba priest and doctory



An old Mu-Lemba woman Tin (Moruru). Tin was being mined in the BaKwena country (probably at Rooiberg), a hundred years ago; also bronze wire was being made (vide Robert Moffat's Missionary Travels).

Copper (Mesina in Sivenda; Mutsuku in Chicaranga). Copper was mined at Messina until the early sixties of the last century, when Ramabulana, the Bavenda chief, instructed his headman, Mesina BaLeya, who was in charge of the copper mines, to close down. At the same time he ordered the BaLemba gold miners of the Northern Transvaal to cease mining. In 1869, Edward Button and Sutherland found the BaPedi working copper

amongst the Mashishamali hills (near Plalaworoo, Eastern Transvaal), but were not allowed to see the mines.

Iron (Mzimba). When Button passed through the Sibasa area in 1869, he found the iron industry at Sebulane in full swing. The iron hoe industry lasted until fortyfive years ago, when the imported article from Birmingham put an end to it.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BALEMBA

According to their tradition, their ancestors came from Sena on the Zambesi River, and Sofala on the East Coast. Although there is an admixture of Arab blood, it is unlikely that they were originally Arabs, as their style of architecture is not Arabic. In their former industries, and in some of their rites and observances, they are akin to the Falashas (black Jews) of Abyssinia. The Arab historian, Masudi, who sailed down the East Coast on three occasions between the years 900-920 A.D., stated that Sofala, from which much gold was brought, was inhabited by a tribe of Abyssinians who had emigrated there recently, and whose king, the Waklimi, had his capital near there.

Dos Santos, the Dominican friar, who spent four years at Sofala, 1601-1605, in writing of the Monomotapa and his people, stated that in many respects they resembled the Abyssinians. The inhabitants celebrate after the death of their monarch a festival called "Pemberar," very much resembling the "Toscar" of the Abyssinians (the Tascar of the Falashas).

Only two writers mention the BaLemba.

Thomas Baines. In "The Gold Regions of South Africa" one reads the following, which is very interesting, as it shows that the Voortrekkers knew of the BaLemba gold mining activities:

"I have already stated that the existence of gold in considerable quantities in SouthEast Africa has been known from the earliest period of history. The early Dutch pioneers in times more recent brought back vague statements of its mineral wealth. In 1850 I myself visited the then little village of Potchefstroom, and heard of gold among the Slaamzyn (Islam or Mohammedan) Kaffirs achter (beyond) the Zoutpansberg."

In 1869 T. Baines interviewed some old gold miners in Matabeleland. Unfortunately he did not mention the tribe, calling them Mashonas (Mashona was a word of contempt used by the Matabeli in speaking of the members of tribes who did not possess Zulu blood). Andrew Anderson, in his work "Twentyfive Years in a Wagon in the Gold Regions of Africa," mentions them twice. One passage reads: "The natives state that gold was worked, and the forts built by men who once occupied the country, whom they called Abbelamba, and there is every appearance that it is so, for I am quite of opinion that no African race of these parts ever built these strongholds or took the trouble to make such extensive excavations in the earth as we find all over the country."

The BaLemba have been degenerating over a long period of time. As the blood of the Semite became more diluted with that of the Bantu, so did their arts deteriorate. Deprived of all the industries, the descendants of the old miners are now rapidly degenerating. Some of the old men are today competent metalsmiths. The next generation will know nothing of the industries of their forefathers.

Patrol

By BUNDU.

Smallpox outbreaks are not uncommon, and prompt and efficient methods to prevent the spread of the disease are a matter of course, but perhaps the experiences met with by an official during a campaign for its suppression in a district of Southern Rhodesia have a tang all their own.

Cases of suspected smallpox had been reported first from one quarter and then another. Steps for the isolation of the patients were taken immediately, and the Government Medical Officer, travelling some 80 miles, on examination of the patients confirmed the suspicions; the disease was smallpox.

Further reports of the disease from various centres were made, and it was recognised that the outbreak was general, and measures to check its spreading would have to be taken in hand at once. This meant the vaccinating of 16,000 natives over an area of 7,000 square miles.

Arrangements for a weekly supply of fresh lymph were made, a schedule compiled of vaccinating centres throughout the district convenient for the natives and myself, native messengers despatched to carry out the orders, and a few days later, packing the camping kit into the car, and accompanied by messengers, the campaign started.

The first day, stopping at various centres on the road, 900odd men, women and children were vaccinated. The men carried out the simple routine without bother, but the women were stupid and gave endless trouble, being quite incapable of forming a line or standing in a getatable position. The majority certainly were hampered by infants in arms, or young children who clung stubbornly to their mothers crying desperately in fear of some unknown terror. Contact with these children was most unpleasant; they invariably suffered from some ophthalmic or skin complaint and had running noses. Only a few cases of smallpox were seen.

We camped the first night 43 miles from the station. About 400 natives awaited our arrival, but could not be attended to that evening, and while I sat at the camp fire roaring furiously at being disrespectfully torn to tatters by a fresh breeze, chatted to the headmen over a pot of Native beer. Camp fires sprung up around us till we were encircled by an

uneven ring of dotted lights, and as the night settled, the brightening flames leapt cheerfully.

After supper the crowd gathered round dancing and singing Native folk songs to the accompaniment of tomtoms, wooden clappers and the swishing hiss of pumpkin seeds confined in small calabashes attached to sticks by which they were swung in rhythm.

I fell asleep watching the star blossoms blooming brightly on the boughs of the tree under which I had camped, while the earth throbbed to the regimented beats of dancing feet.

In the early dawn, vaccinating the 400 natives, we continued on our journey.

It commenced to rain, and in the slippery tracks we followed were a number of treacherous treestumps, some dangerously hidden in recent growths. These required careful negotiating and prevented our reaching our intended camp before nightfall, forcing a decision to make the best of it at the next kraal. This we reached long after dark.

Our arrival brought several Natives to their doors, in which they stood dimly blurred against the glows that leaked from their dying hut fires.

Soon the village was astir with busy members eager to pr'pare a camp; and after greetings, the men disappeared into the inky night with flaming torches of grass and returned with great logs of wood for the camp fire and bundles of grass for bedding, and while the bedding was dried over the fires if it caught alight the flames were smothered with the utmost unconcern by hoary handsgossip was exchanged between the messengers and the inhabitants.

I retired as soon as the bedding was down, to be awakened later by a messenger who suggested that I occupy a hut, as the clouds were gathering thick and fast. I did not dispute the point. The night was big with blackness.

At the arranged camps shelters, if they were required, were in readiness, but here there was no such thing, and I found myself in an old disused hut. It was a dreadful hut. It smelt offensively of stale, unwashed Native slightly smoked, while from the roof hung what turned out to be enormous ropes of sootladen cobwebs.

I had noticed these on entering the hut, and quite unsuspectingly suggested that my mosquitonet might be conveniently suspended from one deceptive monster that hung down like a massive cable. and clutching it, my hand closed on a spongy substance which broke off, clinging to my fingers verminously. One had always associated cobwebs with gossamer unrealities, and not such substantial depravities.

After deciding that this chamber of horrors was perhaps better than a drenching with, what was worse, drenched bedding for the rest of the trip, I fell into a troubled sleep, from which I was awakened by a howling hurricane. Its fury lashed the trees in the night and creaked the rafters of the old hut. The wind whistled through the open doorway to

heave and toss about a demented mosquitonet, and I pictured the dance macabre of the awful cobwebs. Lightning and thunder flashed and crashed until the rain beat down with tropical earnestness, and I was glad of my stuffy hut once I had found a spot dry from leaks.

Next morning I found the kraal indescribably dirty, and the explanation for the unusually filthy state was not far to seek, for a little way off a new kraal was being built. From the rich brown of the thatched roofs, which reminded one of newlybaked bread smoke filtered undecidedly into the still morning air.

Here a woman stood against her hut stamping maize in a great roughhewn wooden mortar. Tied on her back was her baby, whose head bobbed about disjointedly in his sleep with the motion of the pounding pestle. Fowls had gathered round for scraps, and if sufficient were not shot out by the pestle, daringly hopped on to the lip of the mortar, where they fluttered noisily, to be unconcernedly swept off by the women.

There a woman on her knees was busy grinding the day's corn between two stones worn smooth with the backward and forward motions of many grindings.

A group of children had congregated to watch the mysterious business of a white man shaving, and got a lot of amusement out of it.

Here a hen clucked a brood of chickens to a morsel, only to be pounced on by a cock, who sent her cackling with ruffled feathers and scattering the bewildered chickens. A starved mongrel pup with unnaturally lightcoloured, cringing eyes, rushed the cock and was enjoying the scrap when he was sent yelping by a larger dog. A pig waddled by, and swivelling his nose, sniffingly grunted his disgust at arriving too late.

Goats were at play everywhere, softly butting one another and neatly standing on their hind legs, falling with pleasing delayedaction on to the foe, a villainous glare in the playful eye. Two scratched themselves by walking round and round a hut, pressing their flanks against the rough mud walls, pausing occasionally to rub on a nodule, to be pushed on impatiently. There was a collision when the second goat without warning turned to rub his other side, but he won the argument which followed, for the disputant suddenly realised the sanity of the action.

An ardent young billy screamed strangled passion at an unresponsive female who unheedingly continued nibbling the luscious grass of the first rains.

After vaccinating the members of the kraal, we continued on our way. The countryside was massed with bloom; trees laden

with scented mauve, shrubs indelible smudges, the earth scattered with mauve lilies packed in pious posies or fluttering up absurdly dried looking stalks everywhere, and here and there the bold mauves and purples of ground orchids proud and aloof, the aristocrats

of this imperial garden. Purple was the dominating note, with the rare exception of a white lily that hid its insipidity beneath a cascade of lush foliage.

This predominance of a colour is most noticeable in the district. After the period of royal purples comes a period of strident yellows and glaring reds, followed by a period of soft blues; one, the blue of the remotifolia, so misty that even in proximity it has an allusion of remoteness at which one gazes breathlessly for fear of creating a disturbance, when all its gauzy petals will take to flight.

Professor Huxley, I think it is, after a visit to Kenya Colony, where he noticed a predominance of red blossoms, suggested nature's choice of colour, if I remember rightly, was possibly due to its ready detection for natural propagation by birds and insects. Without wishing to detract from the Professor's theory, here the sovereign colour varies at times and places, and all appear equally blatant.

After following a track that twisted and wound over hilly country, we arrived at our next camp on the banks of a sandy river bed, and, vaccinating some 200 Natives waiting, walked along the riverbed in the hope of seeing something for the pot. We had seen no game, as our first days had been on frequented paths, and now we were in the tsetse fly country where the game, on which the fly is said to live, was being destroyed, and what was left was extremely shy.

In the riverbed were holes scooped into the sand into which water filtered. From these the Natives drew their water supplies during the dry months. And across the riverbed at intervals were low fences of sticks, reinforced with heaped stones and earth, which the tenacity of a local grass bound closely and securely together, even against flood waters. Wedged into gaps in the fences were some of last season's fish traps, not unlike lobster pots, unit, incredible as the presence of fish in the sandy stretch appeared, the Natives do have catches when the river comes down. Some fish which have spent the winter hibernating in mud are once again active and others swim upriver from the great Zambesi, of which the river is a tributary.

That night was hot and sultry, a great contrast to the previous night. We must have dropped hundreds of feet through the hills and were now near Zambesi Valley level. It was a relief to welcome the cool early dawn. During the day we made several stops to vaccinate groups of waiting Natives. At one stop a tall tree was pointed out, and it was explained that long ago adults were buried at the foot of such trees to assure their souls easy access to heaven.

We arrived late at our next camp to find that the natives, whom we had expected, had returned to their kraals, and for some time after I had settled for the night, the tomtoms beat, calling the people back, I was told. There was a decided rhythm of beats which I was endeavouring to memorise, repeated at short regular intervals, when a confusion of throbs followed, which completely confounded me. Perhaps the calls had been given and the rest was confusion; whatever the explanation, the Natives were there in the morning.

From here we had a long trek to the Zambesi River, and it was a relief to reach the becalmed level of the valley, after a cautious trip through the hills of the escarpment by a tortuous track which, clinging to the mountain sides, swooped down to riverbeds, to bound up the other side with switchback contortions and suddenness.

The heat was intense, and one was soon in a bath of perspiration. Even the acclimatised Natives were unconsciously affected. Their black bodies glistened with moisture and women lifted pendulous breasts to rid themselves of the discomfort of accumulated sweat, which trickled down their wrinkled stomachs. Vaccinating under these conditions was an unpleasant task. It was the end of November, and a storm which had misfired earlier was making constipated efforts to break.

Soon it was found that the road was not the relief expected, for it plunged into a nervous track hacked through jungle. It had been made good use of by the elephants, who had pitted it with great mud holes, or across which they had heaved trees that had to be cut through or around, whichever looked the easier.

Later the country opened, and we passed through mopani forests, in which we saw herds of impala, and bagged one.

It was good to arrive at our camp and hear the roar of the Zambesi as it raced through the confines of a narrow gorge, and, finding a spot safe from crocodiles to strip and splash in the warm water, while baboons looked on amazed at the curious and unusual spectacle a queer human, white all over, rubbing itself with what looked like foam scudded from the river, heaving water over itself and making the craziest noises at the top of its voice. "Ng ng," muttered Boviaan, "such goings on I never did see; ng ng," and led the gang with sedate precision and many cautious glances over a shoulder to the security of their rocky refuge.

And it was good to lay on the warm sunsoaked sands, with the rays of a sinking sun aslant, and slowly trail sand through idle fingers or listlessly poke taut toes into the sand, remembering that somewhere here lives Nyaminyami, the immense river serpent who fertilises the lands and has the welfare of his people at heart, but could shake the earth to its very foundations if he were moved to wrath, and then to gaze at the cloud pictures in the sky.

There was the Laughing Cavalier, arrogant, haughty, debonair. But what was happening to the fellow? See, the daredevil smile was changing into a scowl of pain, the challenging eyes held a look of fear, the hat cocked tipsily while the swaggering feather trailed to an insignificant whisp, and there was left the diseased torso of a leprous old man. It was better to look at Little BoPeep, who was flirting so prettily with a shy little Boy Blue, while their woolly sheep roamed all over the blue fields of heaven. Hurry, Bo Peep, for Boy Blue is being spirited away and you yourself have such a little day! One is drugged with the warm air, perhaps this is the end of all things, and one will fade and fade into nothingness, too, and forever become a oneness with the smothering solitude.

And the supper of impala liver and bacon was good, the coffee was good and the grass bed was good.

The morning was spent vaccinating and the afternoon fishing, and I had more sport than luck with the tiger fish. I had a number of strikes, and whether from lack of experience, of which, let me confess now before I am found out, I have little, or failure to understand the exacting technique of a cunning gadget I was using for the first time, or that gadget's inefficiency I like to think it was this I only landed two unpretentious tiger, and both foul hooked.

The gadget was said to be an improvement on the spoon, and I, poor mutt, had swallowed it at any rate. He was a queer fish made of a transparent composition flecked with pain. for deceptive scales and resembled a wellfed sardine. Hooks suspended from his invitingly sleek tummy and from his bogus tail, and fitted in front was a translucent splash board, which, battling against the resistance of the water, made him wriggle most realistically while being reeled in. I think it was his size which was against him, for he would never honestly land any but the exaggerated fish which haunt a fisherman's dreams.

It was with regret that I watched the sun sink and the shadows deepen as I listened to the gathering stillness emphasised by the rumble of the turbulent waters. It was such a satisfying stillness, such a perfect peacefulness and Europe had run amok and was blowing itself to bits.

As some of the Natives had met a lion not far from the camp, fires were lit all round that night, and in their cheerful blaze the women danced and sung to the throb of the torntom and swishing hiss of calabashes of pebbles tied to their legs. And through it all the river purred its hymn of haste. But Africa did not hear It.

During the night I was awakened by a terrific rending, and, startled, sat up to investigate, to discover that a tree had crashed to earth. It was then that I noticed that all the scarefires were at the bases of trees, and sadly reflected that there would be other crashes before the night was over. The trees, which were mopani, usually have a dry rotted wound near the ground, and the Native, if he wants an allnight fire, builds a blaze at the base of the tree, which soon ignites the rotted scar, dessicating the immense portions, which blaze in turn to continue the process, always eating further and further into the heart, when the tree crashes.

I watched the fires roaring and ever climbing higher and higher, in a column of flame above which gleamed red nodules of burning bark like gems in a jewelled mitre fading to glows, while over all, the proud mosaics of twigs and boughs, and canopies of leaves ever changing in the flickering lights. And as I watched there came a creak, a crack, a rending, a roar, and with a swishing rush of racing winds through its branches, a great mopani crashed its way through its neighbours to earth, where it lay quivering, enveloped in clouds of dust. A fountain of sparks flew up from the splintered stump, anxious to consume the escaping spirit of the fallen monarch.

Next morning we started to retrace our tracks, and had only gone 10 miles when I heard a messenger exclaim in a hoarse whisper: "Lions, lions!" And there, behind some bushes at the end of a clearing, lay a lion and lioness. I snatched my rifle and camera and jumped from the car, not quite sure which I was going to use. The lion grunted, and the pair rose. With incredible speed the lioness disappeared into the surrounding thicket. The lion, a sleek, tawny youngster, proud in his strength, and, possibly, the conquest of his first mate, with cautious arrogance and superb dignity stalked for the bush. As he glanced over his shoulder with absurd nonchalance, I snapped the camera, which I dropped to its sling, and lifted my rifle. The thicket was nearing, and as I took the pressure on the trigger and fired, it was not surprising to see Leo leap for its security. I had missed. But reloading for a final snapshot, it was surprising to see him buckle up at the apex of his leap and hear the thud of his body as it hit the ground. The bullet was embedded in his spine; Leo had leapt to his death. The photograph was a mystery picture in which I never found the lion, and the camera was a very good one.

We reached the escarpment at midday, and paused to view the scene which never fails to appeal. Whereas the track had wound through hills for miles to our last camp, here it took one plunge to the valley below and a new world. A primitive, unconquerable, defiant world.

Below, 40 miles across to the bold bastions of the Northern Rhodesia escarpment, and stretching for hundreds of miles east and west, lay the vast, silent valley, dotted with spare ant hilllike kopjes, rising above the dense subtropical vegetation teaming with elephant, buffalo, lion, antelope and tsetse fly.

Here the baobab, the elephant of the vegetable kingdom, with his hydra trunks, appears everready to snatch and grab for his body, which is all belly; massive creepers, vegetable pythons, strangle with sinuous swirls the hosts on which they spiral; smoothbarked trees, the lepers of this jungle world, for ever peeling an unwholesome skin, for ever diseased, for, later, when the baobabs' naked boughs are heavy with fruit, and last season's young feeling venturesome, this sickly tree breaks out in jaundice bespotting the valley with his biliousness. And if you look you will see the spotted leopard trees and the mangy hyena shrubs.

And taking the plunge, we entered this untamed kingdom, and passing through riotous profusion and through the silent strength of mopani forests, we arrived at the realm of palms and miasmatic vleis, where, hurrying the vaccinations, we escaped to more healthy ground.

And that night while the people sang and danced, the chief told me the tribe's strange history, and I heard retold with startling accuracy the story of the flood, the tower of Babel and Jael and Sisra. Were these stories related by the old Jesuit Fathers of Portugal or Livingstone to dim ancestors, and since handed down as tribal history?

And here I paid my respects to the tribal god, an iron image not unlike a huge praying mantis, which is said to be the only known incarnate god of the Bantu. He is an intensely

interesting study, kept in a miniature hut in which are stored the gifts of ivory presented to him as tokens of loyalty, devotion and petition. And the aged patriarch, his high priest, guards the secrets of his god zealously. One felt that they would never be told.

And once again the Zambesi, not hurried and roaring its impatience at obstacles, but calm and placid.

I took a dugout and slipped silently and smoothly, like a bead of water slithering down a window pane, passed banks from which crocodiles insinuated themselves into the water, passed schools of hippopotami that rippled the waters as they slowly submerged, on, on, while the wood pigeons cooed the lost chord like heavenly fingers lingering on the strings of a celestial harp, on, on perhaps Nirvana lay beyond the mountains so coolly peaked ahead. Turning, I watched the sun slip down a leaning sky into the restful mountains of the west, to which the broad river wound in a glistening highway to disappear smothered in jungle. And once again one's thoughts turned to that England whose fair fields madmen ploughed with bombs for a harvest of dragons' teeth; and yet there was so much peace!

And that cool night of stars hung with the diaphanous draperies of moonlight, stirred by elfish breath, I lay on the warm sand and listened to the African noises; the distant throb of the tomtom, the whirr of the cicadas, the chirp of crickets, the rustle of dried leaves, the bark of a jackal, the croak of a bullfrog. It was good, and God saw and rested somewhere near.

Early next morning it was our last day while the messengers packed, I watched the river pageant hastening downstream to some secret Valhalla of which they only knew.

A ghostly Monamatapa towering at the prow of his phantom barge manned by spectral warriors raced the deadly shafts of an awakening sun, followed by his shadowy hosts. And here swiftly overtaking the nebulous Monamatapa sped a vaporous barge with the misty figure of a royal lady was it the shade of She ha? impatiently urging the souls of her armies to greater speed. And as the royal barges rounded a bend, the sun struck terror in the scudding rearguard, and confused and blinded, they fell on one another, their cloudy boats capsized and all faded into nothingness.

And on the way back we visited a fossilised forest, a dead world of petrified fallen trees and tree stumps, of rocks and boulders all starkly rigid and earnestly real, a story of some organic accident imprisoned for ever in these stiff tomb stones. Not a bird fluttered, not a lizard scuttled in this defeated kingdom of the valley, and with a hushed reverence one almost tiptoed down the nave of destruction.

In spite of stopping to vaccinate stragglers on the way, we had made good way by midday when we halted for luncheon.

Here I finished the last of my store of simple remedies always carried on patrols, on a Native who had his right calf pierced through by a sharp stick on to which he had run

while escaping from an elephant, and on a small boy who was losing a finger, he said, from snakebite, while I secretly suspected the evillooking concoction applied to the wound by a native doctor. I also settled some civil cases, one of which was damages for adultery. The defendant, from whose shoulder a blue cloth hung loosely, showing his magnificent proportions to advantage, was mediumistic. His hair shaved back from his forehead for a few inches where it shot up alarmingly, made his expression one of a mild question mark which expected never to be answered. He admitted his guilt, and damages were awarded, and in spite of his having a good practice in a trance he would discover what angered spirit manifested its wrath in persistent stomach aches, and what was required for its appeasement, he would devise a device whereby unrequited love could remove the cause of frustration, and many other troublesome matters, for all of which there were fees he asked me to find work for him to earn the money for the damages. This I did with a farmer, who made him a herd. The farmer has since said that the mystic Juan is a marvel with cattle, over which he seems to have some uncanny influence; the Natives explain that he has been heard talking to the cattle in a strange language and the cattle understand.

And so on the last lap. We had only travelled 10 miles when there was fresh evidence of elephants, and I had just been cautioned by the sergeant messenger when, rounding a sudden curve in the track, there was the most terrifying confusion. The earth heaved and trembled and disintegrated into what turned out to be elephantselephants everywhere, stampeding into the jungle undergrowth, shrieking and trumpeting.

It was a magnificent experience, but I would have preferred it stripped of its element of surprise. The startling discovery, the bewildering tumult, realisation of its dangerous and exciting identity, uncertainty of its behaviour, relief at its decision and thrill of experience are too devastating to be crammed into the minute space of what must have been a matter of seconds.

But it was a grand finale to a wonderful trip, and we arrived back at the station with the evening sun, having travelled 480 miles of jungle tracks and vaccinated 15,000 Natives.

"African Dilemma"

By FRANK MELLAND and CULLEN YOUNG (published by the United Society for Christian Literature, 1937).

This book is doubtless already familiar to the majority of our readers, but for the benefit of those who have not had the good fortune to come across it, this note is published.

"African Dilemma" is the outcome of collaboration by two writers, each of whom may justly be regarded as an authority in his own sphere of work. The authors discuss some of the many difficulties of administration and errors of judgment which must inevitably arise when African races come first under European control. The chapters on witchcraft and our attitude towards this nationwide feature of African life provide food for deepest thought.

Have we set out on the right path, or the best path, by which to reach the goal of solution to the various native problems? If we have not, surely we should abandon these false trails (even though for a while we grope on the trackless wastes of jungle or desert) to discover the right road?

Mr. F. A. Stuart^o, many years ago and for a brief space a member of the Native Department of Southern Rhodesia, and until a short time ago Chief Inspector of Native Areas, Natal and Zululand in the Native Affairs Department of the Union of South Africa, wrote recently to the Editor of NADA:

'African Dilemma' is so full of meat that one cannot assimilate everything at a single 'meal.'

"One should 'chew the cud' after each chapter to get the best out of it.

"I am in agreement with the authors in 90 per cent, of what they say, particularly with the views expressed in Chapter IX (English Law and the Native), which, boiled down, is in my opinion the crux of the whole position.

"The arguments are so sound fundamentally and follow so logically on years of administrative experience which thinking Native Commissioners have had with the Natives that it is just this sort of book that should be included in the curriculum of every school including the Universities in British Africa.

'Without some such grounding in our more receptive years we will go floundering on and perhaps achieve in two centuries what might otherwise be brought about in 50 years or less.

"The Zulus, as perhaps you know, have a fine proverb 'Inyati ibuzwa kwaba pambili' (the whereabouts of the buffalo is enquired of from those in the van of the chase), or, freely translated Get your information from the proper sources.'

"'African Dilemma because the information it gives is based on actual knowledge is a striking instance of the wisdom underlying the proverb."

Such opinions and such advice as that which is offered in the fourth paragraph, coming as they do from a man of Mr. Stuart's reputation and experience, should not fail to awaken, in students and legislators alike, deeper thought for the book and its subjects.

N. H. D. S.

Brother of the late Mr. C. T. Stuart, Native Commissioner in the Native Affairs Department of Southern Rhodesia.

The Bantu Woman under the Natal Code of Native Law

An investigation by DENYS W. T. SHROPSHIRE, C.R., "The Lovedale Press," 1941. P. 47.

Father Shropshire's hope that this small book will be of use and interest, not only to Europeans, but also to Bantu, especially ministers, teachers and Bantu women, will undoubtedly be realised. The study is primarily concerned with conditions in Natal, following a resolution passed at the Natal Missionary Conference which viewed with concern the measure of disruption of Bantu family life occasioned by powerful social and economic causes, and felt that the present marriage laws are an inadequate protection for Bantu women under the circumstances. The members of the Conference were asked to secure details of concrete cases, and the Institute of Race Relations to institute an investigation "along these lines."

Father Shropshire's method of supplying relevant material includes answers to a questionnaire obtained from several authorities; and the cited views of both Bantu and Europeans of long experience penetrate deeply into the effects of the laws of exemption, of Christian and Native marriages, of custody of children and cognate problems. The many details, and even the differences of opinion, will be valuable to all students who are working towards the advancement of the Bantu; and Father Shropshire furnishes necessary clarification, and a summary of practical proposals. Southern Rhodesians will be interested to learn that among these is a recommendation that South Africa should follow us in adopting relevant provisions of our Native Wills Act. He is not quite accurate in claiming that this legislation was passed "by dint of constant pressure on the part of a group of missionaries." It was recommended by me because adjustment was demanded by the situation by the legal anomalies caused by some clauses of the Land Apportionment Act, by the changing conditions of life of detribalised Natives, as well as by tensions in the moral and social situation.

What does the situation described in Father Shropshire's treatise demand? His proposals involve some amendments to the law; but he concludes with a weighty statement advocating "the need of a concerted effort for the advancement of the Bantu people to precede changes in the law, which is not in itself creative but rather reflective of the condition of society."

And what if the social condition is not developing favourably but deteriorating? Even if it be conceded that legislation is not the most suitable and effective technique for influencing human behaviour, we are not thereby absolved from our duty to ascertain and use all social forces to clear the path leading to the good life. Perhaps Father Shropshire in his next work will analyse the concerted effort needed. Such a work might be of great service, especially, perhaps, to those who hold the key positions.